The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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EDUCATIONAL.

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MODERN MAN, numbers 1 to 158. What offers? All clean.—Beckett, Spring Gardens, Buxton.

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For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 746.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on page 742.

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Exceptional Money-making Opportunity. Send postcard immediately for particulars of this novel scheme.—Ernest Green, 54, Humber Street East, Hull.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib.

For particulars see page 743.

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COUPON for our 8th "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 745.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Dear old Mrs. Footler was horrified to find, in the course of a report of the dash to the South Pole, a headline that read, "Amundsen's Feat Analysed." "I *do* hope they won't hurt them!" she panted. "The poor things must be so tender after going such a long distance!"

* * *

A man is alleged recently to have flung acid in a jeweller's face. Was he desirous of ascertaining whether his victim was one of those "golden youths" we sometimes hear about?

* * *

Being in dry-dock, "Knowledge-Seeker" (Hanwell), is the condition of an accused person who has to remain in the Court for a lengthy period without any beer.

* * *

One of England's ducal dames is said to have gone to a fancy dress ball disguised as a man, and to have been severely lectured for it by her brother. Did he tell her she was no gentleman?

* * *

A heifer recently dashed into a Dublin church, demolished the altar-rails, and savaged a small boy. But this is no excuse for the even more reprehensible action of a correspondent, who inquires, "What heifer did she do it for?"

* * *

What did the Coal Strike?

* * *

Don't "give it up"—for the answer is supplied in a Sunday paper headline: "Theatres Hit."

* * *

In certain bars in the West-End and elsewhere, automatic machines containing "American Salted Nuts" are to be found on the counter. These should be hailed gratefully by the English oiled nuts in front of it.

* * *

Divorce Court Query: Why could not Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Wilhelmina Waite?

* * *

A Cockney centenarian, on being congratulated recently for being so hale and hearty, gave a reply which should be of interest to seekers after a long life. "Yus!" he observed, "Hale! Good ole *hale*! I sh'd never 'ave bin so 'earty if it 'adn't bin for *hale*!"

* * *

A football match took place the other day between the officials of a Derbyshire Colliery Company and a side made up of miners on strike. Here is a chance for a waggish compositor to make an artistic error regarding the number of c(g)oals scored on each side.

* * *

Scott's Great Dash will probably be heard when he realises that Amundsen has got to the Pole first. The question is whether something even stronger will not be necessary for real consolation.

* * *

Never tell a girl that her dress is "simply ripping." It might give her a shock.

J. S. Cox.

THE PINK OF PERSEVERANCE.

Sir Thomas Pink, of jam fame, is a first-rate shot and horseman, yet he was nearing middle age before sport came into his life.

He was always a sportsman by inclination, but had no chance of sport or games as a boy, and as a young man he determined that he had not time for both sport and business, and decided to eschew the former until his position was assured.

Thus it came about that he was nearly forty before he ever put a leg across a horse or handled a gun.

Then he went methodically to work to master riding and shooting, and became a good man to hounds and able more than to hold his own in covert or on the moors.

A MUSICAL COMEDY DON.

Mr. Adrian Ross, the well-known musical comedy lyrist, is an ex-University don, having been Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he was eleventh Wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos, won the Chancellor's Medal for English verse, and carried off various scholarships.

What, then, took this learned man into the making of musical comedy? A severe attack of toothache.

Attending the University Boat Race of 1888, when the weather was very bitter, he caught cold in his face, and was laid up for a fortnight.

To while away the time, he wrote the libretto of a comic opera, which was eventually produced, but had a very "mixed reception."

It was a start, however, and his next work, "Joan of Arc," in collaboration with Dr. Osmond Carr, ran for over a year.

SPORTING SQUABBLE SETTLED.

Peace has been made between the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union, who have been at loggerheads since 1910.

The trouble arose out of the A.A.A. claiming to control cycling events at its meetings, and objecting to holding meetings at which professional cycling was combined with amateur foot-racing.

The immediate cause of the rupture, however, was the passing by the N.C.U. of a resolution to the effect that sports promoting bodies shall be required to obtain a permit for athletic events from the A.A.A. and a permit for cycling events from the N.C.U.

Under the new agreement, the A.A.A. can give permits for athletic events at N.C.U. meetings, the N.C.U. permits for cycling events at athletic meetings.

The N.C.U. undertakes not to promote professional cycling in conjunction with amateur athletics.

The settlement is an honourable one to both parties, and it is to be hoped that other sporting disputants, such as the F.A. and A.F.A., will follow their good example and bury the hatchet.

MOVING TARGET HINTS.

In aiming at moving targets—now an important part of the Territorial's training—aim should first be taken on to the mark, and then, following it sideways, the aim should be carried in advance and kept in front of the target until the rifle has been fired.

How far in advance aim should be taken naturally depends on the range, and the rate at which the target is travelling, but the following is a useful rough guide. Aim:

About 1ft. in front per 100 yards at a single man walking.

About 2ft. in front per 100 yards at a single man doubling.

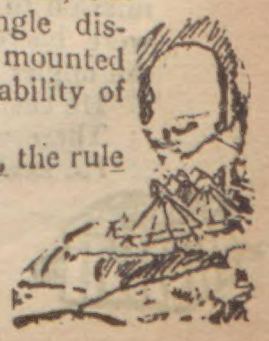
About 3ft. in front per 100 yards at a single horseman trotting.

About 4 ft. in front per 100 yards at a single horseman galloping.

Thus at 300 yards you should aim about 9ft. in front of a single horseman trotting.

These figures apply only to ranges up to 500 yards, but it is practically useless to practise aiming at single dismounted men at more than 300 yards, or at single mounted men at more than 500 yards, owing to the improbability of hitting them in actual warfare.

In the case of a body of troops moving to a flank, the rule is to aim at the head of the column.



LEE'S LURKER

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

The news had been anybody's for some days.

He had already been given a name which, if not exactly a Christian one, had its advantage in the way of nomenclature expressive of character.

"Lee's Lurker," they called him, because it was underneath the caving banks of Lee's Dyke that he kept watchful eye for minnows, young dace, or other immature fish which to him were food.

Even young George Henry, the son of the miller, was tempted out of his reserve by this fascinating Lurker in Lee's Dyke, and everyone knew that not long since George Henry had had his rod broken up by the keepers on the Petrey estate for fishing on the other side of a boundary, dividing the public fishing from the enclosed waters. But this boundary was not in those days marked in anything but an ordnance map.

That is why George Henry had felt the injustice of it.

Ralph Petrey, the son of the house, had upheld the authority of the gamekeepers in the matter, had left his own tackle far down stream—proof surely that he was no fisherman, said George Henry—and taken the trouble to come up and add what to George Henry's idea had been insult to injury.

The trouble then had been over a jack which had been a baby, considered from the lofty standard set to the local anglers by "Lee's Lurker," and, aided by a "Fishing Gazette" float, an 8-plait silk oil-dressed line, and a Nottingham reel with a Bickerdyke guard, and an eleven-foot greenheart rod (a thing that made the hearts of all poor anglers leap to behold), young Petrey had not succeeded in catching the fish.

He had departed from the private waters victorious over the fishers of both Lee's Dyke and the private waters. He had lived to grow into a bigger pike. Those who caught a glimpse of Lee's Lurker were sure that it was "Stick-in-the-Mud" (of George Henry's fall), come to the Dyke again, grown larger with a sense of his own importance.

It was too much for George Henry. Absent as he had been for some time from the brotherhood of Isaac Walton, he went about furtively now and made an excursion even to the county town to buy a rod from a man who had given up the country for town life. A line he bought locally, and, his pride put entirely in the background for sport, he sallied forth one afternoon for Lee's Dyke.

The weeds had died down with the dying year, the first flood had come up and swept them away. As is the habit of his kind, Lee's Lurker lay below a hill whereon the summer reeds had grown. He could sometimes be seen there when the water was very clear, and his green and yellow spots (which are the khaki of the rivers) showed up just a little in the dark recess. Lee's Dyke was a happy hunting ground to him. He grew (said the anglers) while you watched 'un a'most. You would catch his golden eye regarding you.

He would shoot out, to be lost in the black-green depths of mid-stream.

George Henry affixed the minnow, and made a cast with his float-line. Nearby he saw the private waters, the land by them duly railed off now, with a disfiguring notice to trespassers.

In the foreground of it, far down stream, beyond the stripped beech trees, George Henry caught sight of his enemy essaying for the smaller fry. He would have liked to have shouted out to him that he would grant him permission to fish in the public waters (by unwritten law these were barred to the estate), but the better comporting of the angler saved him from that futility.

He cast his line. . . .

There were other ways of revenge.

He saw himself exhibiting to Ralph Petrey the big pike, and asking him, "Where d'ye get to now, Mr. Petrey?" It would be a triumph indeed.

For ten minutes he waited, and then replaced his float; for another ten minutes no success came. And at last came the thrill of the bite, which to the angler is as the cricketer's click of a ball driven to boundary, the jockey's head victory on the post, the footballer's goal.

He struck.

Lee's Lurker was hooked!

And now to play him carefully.

The fish made a sudden rush, and George Henry yielded the rod to him. There was the gorgeous screaming rustle of the line spinning out, which is the sweetest of accompaniments to the angler's ears, anyhow, as he darted round a submerged hillock to leave the line slack again, the swift reeling in to keep him on as reasonable a strain as possible, which is at once the art and the proposition of the pisher.

Never must the line go slack whatever his deviations. But an overtaut line is a courting of defeat.

It was when spinning out slowly for the moment that George Henry found the very depths of despair. His sensitive touch showed it him as the line was spinning past his steadying finger by the reel.

There was a flaw in the line! The tiny, untwined outer strand told him that.

He drew it in cautiously and saw the fault. The next rush of Lee's Lurker and the line would go!

He became conscious that Ralph Petrey was coming down stream in his fishing punt.

Now if it had been a friend in that punt, anyone but an enemy, he could have, in the redeeming agony of an angler threatened with losing the biggest catch of the season, begged for the loan of the punt.

George Henry set his lips; the strain on the rod was crying out for more line—more line for the King of the River!

There was nothing for it but to walk along the bank to the tugging of Lee's Lurker. Almost every yard of the reel that the flaw obviated was wanted.

George Henry came to the forbidding fence.

Should he be under obligation to his enemy and call out for permission? Should he take the law into his own hands and climb it?

Lee's Lurker was pulling hard. When would the shortened inadequate line finally snap? It was great folly to start reeling in with that enormous strain still on the line. . . . and given a whole line or a chance to follow him down stream and, fairly hooked as he was, Lee's Lurker would surely have been a trophy of his net.

George Henry cursed at the bitterness of it.

But the feeling of the brother angler had possession of Ralph Petrey, and there was some anxiety in his voice as he called out a little derisively: "Why the deuce don't you give him more water?"

"Flaw in the line. Mind your own business," snapped George Henry.

"My own business?"

Ralph Petrey was pulling towards him.

"The only chance is for you to jump in the punt and give him line that way," he cried. "Come on, man, and for goodness sake don't stand staring there. You'll lose the Lurker, and perhaps he'll come into our waters. Praps I shall hook him before the fishers in the Dyke get another chance. Think of that man (and—look—look at your rod!) and come along."

Now the story of how by hand, and in a manner not usual to pike fishing, Ralph Petrey pulling to George Henry's order, George Henry landed Lee's Lurker without the assistance of the masterly reel, is well known to everyone in the village.

The catch was a triumph for Lee's Dyke, and a direct score off the private waters. Yet, with this single exception, there is no doubt that the preserved fishing was the better fishing, and this George Henry and all the members of the Angling Club are willing to admit as they sit there on Saturday afternoons, welcome guests of the young Squire, who delights himself in the competitions he organises.

When those anglers return with their stock of tales and their catch of fish to the inn, there is one name mentioned in the general toast.

These good men all say: "Here's to Lee's Lurker!" And those who do not know are informed that this is the name of the noble pike whose capture purchased for the village a day per week freehold of the fine private waters of the Petrey estate.

THE TIGERISH TOPE.

This is the month when the sea-angler goes forth in search of tope. Tope is a species of dog-fish, but, unlike some other varieties, no good for food.

Nevertheless, he is worth trying for, for he runs to forty or fifty pounds, and will fight like a tiger, or the small shark that he really is.

SPORTING TACKLE AND WET.

After a wet day in the coursing-field, aluminium coursing- (or shooting-) sticks should be carefully washed and dried, the leather fittings being cleaned with saddle-soap and polished with a soft cloth. The metal-fittings of cane sticks should also be well dried and polished, as they soon rust, and are then liable to break off suddenly when sat upon, with comical results.

Field-glasses after use in heavy rain should have the lenses removed and be allowed to dry on the mantelshelf overnight, otherwise the damp will render the interior mouldy and the lenses will get permanently spotted.

CANINE CHAMPIONS.

The proud title of Champion is earned by the dog who wins three Challenge Certificates under three different judges, except in the case of pointers, setters, sporting spaniels and retrievers born after June 1, 1909, who in addition to the three Challenge Certificates must also have won a prize or certificate of merit at a field trial recognised by the Kennel Club.

To compete for a Challenge Certificate in the first instance, a dog must be registered and have won a prize in its class at the show.

With certain exceptions—namely, in the case of hounds belonging to recognised packs — any dog intended for show under Kennel Club Rules must be registered at the Kennel Club (fee 2s. 6d.). Registration forms and particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Kennel Club, 7, Grafton Street, W.

UNSPORTING FOOTBALL TACTICS.

Football crowds who habitually "boo" the referee (there was a disgraceful scene of the kind on a provincial ground not long ago, for which the home club has been penalised by the F.A.) might sometimes do worse than demonstrate their disapproval of the unsporting tactics of football captains. This, for instance, is an ordinary thing:

Say that a team is one goal ahead, but is weakening, and with ten more minutes to play is afraid that the other side may equalise or even win. The captain will go and hold converse, if he gets a chance, with the goalkeeper and the backs. If not, he will make known his wishes by "passing the word on."

Then you will see the ball, when it gets to the backs, systematically kicked into touch, thus producing a series of "throws-in," and the goalkeeper, if he can't find touch, will concede corner after corner. In this way the ten minutes or so of time are played out—a proceeding which, on the face of it, is flagrantly unsporting.

COST OF ANGLING LICENCES.

The Fishery Boards have the power to raise and lower the rates from time to time; and inquiry locally is the only method of ascertaining exactly what rate is in force at any given time. As some example of the way in which these licences vary in price, it may be well to state that those for the rivers Derwent, Lime, Ribble, Dee, Clwyd, and Elwy, Conway, Usk, Wye, Dart, Exe, Tyne, and all Yorkshire rivers are £1 per season. Half-guinea licences are issued on the Cleddan, Taff, Ogmore, and West Cumberland rivers. On the Eden, Seiont, Dwyfach, Towy, Taw, and Torridge the charge for a licence is a guinea. On the Fowey it is 15s., and on the Camel, also in Cornwall, 12s. Ten shillings covers the licence for the Kent, Leven, Rhymney, Ayron, Severn, Axe, Trent, and Yorkshire Esk; 7s. 6d. that to fish on the Somersetshire Avon, Brue, and Parret, and on the rivers round Salisbury for trout and grayling; as well as on the Tamar and Phym in Devonshire. The licences for the Sussex Ouse, the Wear, Coquet, Cuckmere, and Adur are only 5s.

DEFRAUDING THE BOOKIE

TRICKS BY WHICH HE IS TAKEN IN.

The number of people who try to make a living by "backing them" is a very large one; and the huge majority, as we all know, are singularly unsuccessful. A small percentage of them, however, have realised that the only possible way of systematically "beating the book" is by fraud.

Not very long ago a youngster—he was only about eighteen—was detected in quite a brainy fraud, which he had been practising on unlucky bookies for a long while. His system was as follows:

RECEIVING HIS OWN WIRES.

He would send off ten minutes before a race from a telegraph office in the West-End wires to the bookie backing every starter in the race—one wire for each horse. Then he would fly off by taxi to that bookmaker's place of business, and loiter about outside, waiting for the telegraph-boy. On the appearance of the latter, the crook would ask, "Have you got anything for Mr. So-and-So," and the boy would unsuspectingly hand the telegrams over.

Then all that the swindler had to do was to open each wire very carefully, taking care not to tear the flap of the envelopes, select the wire backing the winner (whose name, of course, he knew by that time), tear up all the others, and drop the winning wire, carefully sealed up again, into the bookie's letter-box.

He heightened the suggestion of being in the bookie's employ by wearing a cap, which he put in his pocket before accosting the telegraph-boy, who thus was given the impression that the other was a clerk who had run out on an errand.

TELEPHONE BETS.

Another ingenious fraud is practised on bookmakers by collusion with the latter's clerks. Bookies have to be most searching in their investigation of a clerk's integrity before engaging him, for he has all sorts of opportunities of defrauding his master.

What is done in most offices when a bet is telephoned is for the clerk to write down the particulars and the time on a "memo tablet." He then tears off the sheet and sticks it on a "spike." But what he will often do, if he is a crook, and playing in with another man, is to leave the name of the horse out.

Thus the slip reads something like this: "Mr. Blank, £2 each way (a blank space here) for the 2 o'clock at Windsor. 'Phoned at 1.30."

Then as soon as the result comes up on the tape, all he has to do is to scrawl the winner's name in the blank space he has left for that purpose. The employer goes through the slips after racing hours, and pays out without suspicion.

CONVENIENT POST-MARKS.

But there is one thing that gives this trick away, and it was that that led to a clerk's detection not long ago. He neglected to use the same pencil each time. So, naturally, when the bookmaker saw a whole message written out with a pencil of one thickness, except the name of the horse, which was written with another pencil, he naturally smelt a very large rat.

There is a suburb of London where crooks are enabled to defraud bookmakers by reason of a system in vogue at the local post-office. Letters posted at a certain pillar-box there are not stamped with the time at which the postman brings them in, but oddly enough at the time at which he started out to collect them. Thus it will often happen that a letter posted at 1.5 p.m. will be stamped 12.30 or even earlier.

Fraudulent punters are thus enabled to ascertain the name of the winner of a race and post an order backing it. As we have seen, the letter will be stamped with the "time" at half an hour or more earlier than the race.

It is for this reason that so many bookies insist on posted bets being sent off and stamped by the post-office overnight.

W. S. WILLIAMS.

TERMS OF THE CHASE.

EXPRESSIONS WITH WHICH EVERY SPORTSMAN SHOULD BE ACQUAINTED.

Each form of sport has a set of terms by which everything connected with it is distinguished, and one of the hall-marks of a sportsman is that he shall know and use the proper expressions in speaking or writing of particular sports.

For instance, foxhounds, harriers, and beagles are never spoken of as dogs, but always as hounds, unless it is intended to distinguish their sex, when they are called dog-hounds and bitch-hounds, as the case may be. Greyhounds, on the other hand, are not referred to as hounds, but as dogs, those in training being known as running dogs.

All the beasts of chase, too, have names applied to them and to their various attributes different from those used for ordinary domestic animals. Thus the head of a fox or an otter is a mask; that of a hare is a pate. The tail of a fox is the brush, of an otter the rudder, of a hare the scut, of a badger the short-'un, of a hound the stern, of a greyhound the whip. The feet are the pads, and all these parts, when cut off and distributed, are known as trophies.

NEW NAME EVERY YEAR.

With deer there are a number of terms of venery to distinguish them at various ages. Male red deer are called calves until they are one year old, brockets at two, spayads at three, staggarts at four, and are not known as stags until the fifth year, and as warrantable stags until the sixth.

A stag having ten points to his antlers is called a hart, a hart royal having twelve.

A stag is said to carry all his rights if he has brow, bay, and tray antlers, with one or more points on top. Stags carrying one horn are said to be switched, and without horns are known as hummle stags.

The female red deer is called a hind at three years, a hearst at two, and before that a hind-calf.

ANTLERS AND CARTED DEER.

Deer kept in paddocks for the purpose of being hunted are sometimes castrated, when they are known as haviers. This is done to prevent the growth of antlers, which, in hunting the carted deer have to be sawn off each season in the case of stags not so treated.

The antlers of a stag are called the head. With fallow and roe-deer the names are different, the male being a buck, the female a doe, and the young fawns.

The footmarks of beasts of chase are known by many different names. There is the slot of a stag, the view of a buck, the seal or spur of an otter, the print of a fox, the prick of a hare, and so forth.

Their homes, also, have each its appropriate name, as the earth or den of a fox, the sett of a badger, the holt of an otter, the forme of a hare, the lodge or couch of a deer or buck. Even the excrement has different names, that of an otter being called spraints or wedging, of a fox crottel, of deer fewments, of a hare the billet.

PAIRS AND HERDS.

Where more than one beast of venery or bird of game is to be described, sundry terms are employed. Two is usually a brace, and three a leash; but sometimes couple is employed instead of brace. Thus it is a brace of partridges or grouse, but a couple of blackcock, and hounds are also numbered by couples, while one speaks of a pair of greyhounds.

Where more than two of a kind require description, the number of terms is very great. Deer go in herds, except roe-deer, which form a bevy, martens a richesse, stoats a trip, wolves a rout, and swine a sounder.

Swans form herds, duck flights, and the sportsman speaks of a wisp of snipe, a bunch of teal, a gaggle of geese, a flock of pigeons, and a covey of partridges. All these terms are still in daily use among sportsmen, and are not likely to fall into desuetude.

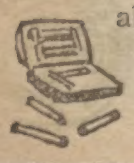
L. C. R. CAMERON.

CARD-CASES.

Many men carry their visiting-cards in their cigar or cigarette case, but the practice is rather objectionable.

Apart from the fact that the cards soon get stained, it is not very complimentary to leave a card on a lady smelling of tobbaco, and probably with some shreds of cigar or cigarette adhering.

Keep your visiting-cards in your pocket-book, or preferably in a small leather card-case.



DRAWING AT BOXING.

A LESSON IN PUGILISTIC STRATEGY.

You can generally, where two men are fairly evenly matched, tell which is in reality the better-class boxer. Watch and see which of the two leads off the more often, and put him down as the weaker tactician, but not always, for circumstances alter cases. The best type of boxer—and fighter, for that matter—prefers to draw his adversary.

This is almost always done by letting your adversary think you are going to lead at him, getting him to counter you, and then putting in the blow you had been manœuvring for. Do not try to draw your man, if he is any good, by simply pushing out your left glove and moving your foot forward. Anybody can see it is only a feint and a poor one at that. Let your eyes light up as you half spring in and the illusion will be far better.

The next stroke must be decided on by yourself in a flash. If he tries to counter you, get your left guard up and swing your right to his jaw, and if he is misled into trying to cross-counter you, step back. Then, as he falls forward, as he cannot help doing, jump in again, and give him one or two stingers right and left.

A clever man does not always draw by feigning attack. If he did, he would soon give his game away and deceive nobody. He must vary his lures, for he is not only trying to deceive his opponent, but his opponent's seconds as well. They will put their man up to his game, if they spot it, at the end of the round.

A very good draw is cleverly-feigned exhaustion or injury. Ned Donnelly used, after a few rounds, to get, apparently, more and more weary, until at last his legs trembled and his eyelids began to droop. Then, so cleverly did he act the part, his adversary would jump in with the left, and in another second he would be on the floor taking the count, from a lightning right-hand swing.

TIPS FOR BOAT BUYERS.

HOW TO TEST A PROPOSED PURCHASE.

The man who thinks of doing a little sailing next season, and is, therefore, tempted to buy a cheap second-hand boat, must be careful what he is about, or he will find that the five-pound cutter he gets so cheap now will need five or six times the sum to fit out, and not improbably will sink at her moorings so soon as his expensive tinkerings have rendered her "sea-worthy."

The "bargain" may in reality be but a hollow sham disguised in paint over oakum and putty; he will have to apply severe tests to assure himself that this is not so.

She may be "nail-sick"—that is, her bolts and nails may have worked loose—and it will cost more than she is worth to re-nail her. She may be full of dry-rot, which should be looked for between wind and water in the stem and stern posts, below the ballast, behind the panelling of the cabin, or in the lockers. A gimlet inserted here and there will bring the wood out in a powdery instead of a leathery condition if dry-rot be present.

The spars if cracked across are unsound. If the cracks are longitudinal they may be all right; but it is as well to put a knife into the fissures to make sure there is no dry-rot there.

See the boat afloat as well as ashore. In the latter case you will be able to examine her keel and bottom. If she is copper-sheathed you will be able to judge by the wrinkles whether she has been strained or damaged. Try the lockers and doors when she is high and dry; if they do not open as easily as when she was afloat it is a sign that she has been strained.

Examine the mast where it passes through the deck and under the hounds, and observe the timbers and planking round the chain-plates.

The keel is also important, for if of lead the galvanic action set up between lead and iron, or between copper and iron when in salt-water may have corroded the bolts so that they are ready to fall out.

If the boat on offer passes the test for hull and spars she may indeed be a bargain, whatever the condition of her standing and running-rigging, blocks, and so forth. You must not expect everything for a £5-note, and she will look all the smarter for a new outfit above deck when she starts on her first cruise.

Chinstrap's Opinions

OUR MILITARY EXPERT DISCOURSES ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The revival of that delightful play, "The Second in Command," by the late Captain Robert Marshall, reminds me that the lot of the second in command of a regiment, like that of Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one.

Anyway, the position of second-in-command is often extremely invidious, and, to fill it gracefully, a man must be a past-master of the art of doing nothing, and doing it very well.

The second in command does not command a company, and has no very definite duties, though he is usually president of the regimental institutes.

The position calls for considerable tact. As his title implies, the second in command is next on the list for promotion, but whether he will get it or be "passed over" depends very largely on the report made on him by the C.O. whom he is to succeed.

A PREJUDICED CRITIC.

It is only human nature if the latter does not like the idea of giving up the command, and is apt to regard his successor-elect with a somewhat jaundiced eye.

Then the second in command is bound to support his commanding officer in all things—anyway, if he doesn't the latter may revenge himself by a bad report. Therefore the second in command often has to stand-by and bite his tongue in halves while the C.O. plays Old Harry with the regiment and makes the task of the next C.O. extremely difficult.

In my own regiment we once had a curious, though not unprecedented, situation. The second in command was a major and brevet lieutenant-colonel, which meant that for regimental purposes he was a major, but a lieutenant-colonel so far as Army rank was concerned.

REPORTED SOBER SOMETIMES.

The effect of this was that on any garrison parade, or whenever we were brigaded with other troops, his Army rank came into force, and he became senior to his own commanding officer.

As the two loved each other about as dearly as a fox-terrier and a yellow cat, there used to be scenes which were distinctly prejudicial to the maintenance of good order and military discipline.

The situation was relieved by the second in command developing D. T.'s—he suffered much from malaria, and professed to have found a cure in Guinness's stout and old brandy mixed—going home on leave, from which he never returned.

He was a nice man when sober—at least, so I heard, for I never saw so.

"O AL" ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

Ye gods and little fishes, my stars and stripes, the Army Service Corps wanting to be called "Royal." And yet why not? It is a very fine service now. Still, it is a bit of a jump from "London Thieving Corps" to "Royal Army Service Corps."

"London Thieving Corps" was the nickname of the A.S.C. when they were the Land Transport Corps. At a later date they became "The Moke Train," in allusion to the fact that they were "horsed" with Spanish mules.

Certain wicked persons, however, corrupted "Moke Train" into "Muck Train," a reference to a certain branch of their duties which was not appreciated by the A.S.C. Indeed, they liked it so little, and there were so many gory battles between them and other soldiers, that the authorities replaced the mules by horses.

The old gibe, however, still lingers, and if you want to meet trouble more than half-way just whisper "Muck Train" to the next A.S.C. man you meet.

When I joined, the A.S.C. was thought very highly of by regimental C.O.'s—as a dustbin for "undesirables," for it was officered entirely by officers seconded from their regiments, and in a good many cases a man was given the option between resigning and joining the "Muck Train."

But those days are past. Competition for the A.S.C. is now keen, and a proportion of officers are gazetted direct from Sandhurst.

My friend, the late Tom Browne, R.I., joined the Territorial A.S.C. shortly before his death, after having served for several years in the "Rough-riders."

The famous artist returned from a tour in the East just in time for annual training—his last, poor fellow. Among the subalterns was a not over-bright youth, and at general inspection the general asked him the colour of a certain horse, which, in fact, was a bright chestnut.

"Well, sir," said the youth, after a prolonged scrutiny, "I should describe it as a delicate salmon pink."

A certain evening paper, which has lately fallen from grace into cheap sensationalism, has been trying to make the public's blood creep over the inferiority of our Army rifle to that of other nations, and more especially Germany.

A BIT TALL.

As I find that an elaborate and lengthy argument intended to demonstrate the greater "dangerous space" of the German rifle is based on the assumption that the average soldier is *six foot six inches* in height, I fear my blood continues to circulate normally.

So far as my humble opinion is worth anything, I think it is not the gun, but the man behind it that decides battles.

As a military correspondent points out in a letter to the journal in question, the Frenchman had a better rifle than the German in 1870, but that did not help him much, and there are many other instances of the side with the inferior arm winning the day.

In Matabeleland in 1896, for example, the natives had Lee-Metfords against our Martinis, but they did no great damage.

Possibly, however, this was due to the fact that the gentle savage was under the impression that the higher he put the backsight the harder the gun would shoot!

"Chinstrap."

ANSWERED.

The Rev. A. J. Waldron, the popular Vicar of Brixton, has a gift of repartee which has been very useful to him when speaking in the parks against atheism.

He invites questions, but sometimes those put to him are neither relevant nor reverent.

One day a grimy interrupter shouted out: "Why did God make fleas?"

Like lightning came the retort: "To tell a dirty man like you when he needs a wash."

And the crowd, bar one, smiled audibly.

TRAPPING THE TENOR.

Colonel Henry Mapleson tells this story of the days when he was assisting his father to manage Covent Garden.

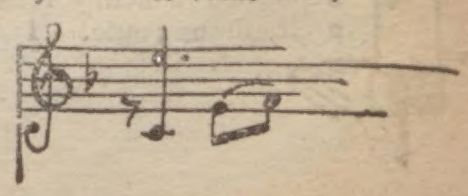
An Italian company they were running were invited to go to Dublin for a week or so, and everyone was agreeable except the tenor. He didn't know where Dublin was and he didn't care, but if getting there involved travelling by sea, not on his life.

Colonel Mapleson assured him that it would be all right. As a special favour he would be sent by rail all the way. But as this would mean great expense, and might cause jealousy among the other singers, he must not say anything to them, and must be ready to travel ahead of them, to all of which the tenor agreed.

He was sent off to Holyhead in charge of the Maplesons' factotum, a man of many parts, who had instructions that if Signor —— felt thirsty by the way, he was not to be discouraged.

The faithful factotum obeyed his orders so well that by the time the pair arrived at Holyhead the tenor was incapable of distinguishing between a cabin and a railway carriage, and when he returned to a normal perception of things he was more than half-way across the Irish Channel, and jolly rough weather, too.

The henchman duly reported their safe arrival at Dublin, but he strongly advised "Master Henry" not to come over, as the trapped tenor had publicly sworn to knife him at sight.



SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

10.—MY NEW and ORIGINAL PILLAR-BOX FRAUD.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

As a rule, swindlers and criminals in general are essentially specialists—experts in some one particular fake or lay, working in an accustomed groove, planning and acting on lines with which they have made themselves intimately familiar. I attribute my long, though not unbroken, immunity from detection, conviction, and quod, to the fact that, to a great extent, I steered clear of this specialisation, and became far more of a general practitioner than the typical law-breaker.

Give an unsigned picture to an art critic of experience, or to any adept in art (I am using the word in its restricted meaning), and from its style and points he will tell you, always and positively, the school it belongs to, and in nine cases out of ten, without much hesitation, he will name the painter. Just so with the C.I.D., who are usually able, with certainty, to associate certain classes of offence with certain classes of offenders, and even to get from the general to the particular by declaring: "This is likely to be the work of So-and-So"—whereon they go for So-and-So.

ORIGINALITY AND SELF-RELIANCE.

But by going in for change and variety, I made it impossible for them to pick me out like this. I was always breaking out in new places.

And then again the originality of my dodges and frauds was always calculated to puzzle them. I don't care how many cases and confessions you may have read, real and bogus—I know you can never have read of swindles like those of my concoction and now of my revelation.

Another peculiarity that distinguished my work was that almost always I did it single-handed. Operating in gangs and couples has its advantages, but at the same time its dangers and drawbacks.

These two traits of originality and self-reliance were conspicuous in my pillar-box fake, in which I didn't have even the help of any coincidence. As a matter of fact, I used to make my own coincidences in everything, if you can call it coincidental to force facts to fit in with one's own ends. That's really where genius comes in.

BROKE AT THE RACES.

It was by inquiry, not coincidence or accident, that I learned the facts on which I based my new and original letter-pinching fraud. I didn't "become" acquainted with them—I *made* myself acquainted with them.

The chap I inquired from in the first instance was a postman, whom I met in the following circumstances.

I went to Galleywood Races, near Chelmsford, and got broke. I even sold the return half of my ticket for a bob, to a man who was very anxious to get back on the cheap. After hesitating between a long drink and a short bet, the former had it.

I bluffed 'em all right at the "Saracen's Head," Chelmsford's swellest hotel, and they took me in without luggage, but while I was enjoying a really excellent breakfast next morning I overheard a few remarks between the manageress and the head waiter that put me on my guard and precipitated my departure from the town—on foot.

ON THE ROAD.

Everything popable I had popped before leaving town, so as not to reach the course empty-handed. I wasn't used to padding the hoof, and didn't like the idea of doing so at all, but needs must when the devil drives—and he was driving me now pretty hard.

I kept the high road for London till I reached Ingatestone, which ended the first six miles of the journey. On leaving Ingatestone, I walked over some fields and struck a by-road which I reckoned would lead to Brentwood by a circuitous route. I wanted to avoid the main track, because if the landlord of the "Eagle" sent after me it would probably be along the main track that I should be followed up. I had patronised the "Eagle" for luncheon. I love these good old-fashioned country inns. Steering, then, an erratic course, I trudged into Brentwood—at dusk—on its Worley side, where the barracks are.

It was near Brentwood that I met my postman, and fell into chat with him during the twenty minutes or so we walked in company.

He was collecting, and remarked on the long distance that separated one particular pillar-box from the next one. About mid-way between them he stopped, or rather slowed down—just as we were passing the garden rails of a big corner house. At the farther gate a trim little servant-maid was waiting, with a big batch of letters, held between her two hands. The postman held open his bag, she slipped in the letters, and we hurried on.

OBLIGING A PATRON.

"Isn't that against the rules?" I asked.

"Of course it is," agreed my companion, "and I take care not to do it for anybody but the old bloke that lives at that house. He ain't properly reckoned to be quite all there in 'is 'ead, but he ain't a bad sort, anyhow, and he makes it right with me at Christmas. It's at that corner where 'is 'ouse stands that they ought to put up the new pillar-box that everybody just about here is a-'ollerin' out for."

"Why don't they petition the G.P.O.?"

"They 'ave, but it ain't no use."

"I suppose there are not enough letters to justify the expense?"

"There's more than you'd think," said the postman. "The people that live in all these biggish 'ouses we're passing on both sides is a bit clarsy, and they ain't got much to do, it seems to me, except correspondencing with their friends. As things are, they 'ave to post either up at the box I cleared last or down at the box I'm going to clear next—a tidy walk, either way. And for some weeks past they've both been getting 'eavier clearances than ever."

SIXPENNY COMPETITIONS

"How's that, do you think?" I asked.

"I don't think; I know. There ain't much about letters that we don't get to know in a part like this. It's these here compertitions, sir—them in the papers. It's a rare old game—You pays your money, but don't take no choice. 'All the folks about here, though, have got a regular rage for playing at it."

Now you can very seldom trace the genesis of a thought, and in encouraging the loquacity of this chap I'd picked up I'd had no definite thought at all. I'd only been acting on my usual theory that ideas are often struck out of casual conversations. But it was with a faint conception of something possible that I now led my man on.

When we parted, I made my way into the main street of the picturesque old town, and presently into the "White Hart." There I gave them a chance of showing what they could do in the matter of dinner. This time, however, I treated myself to the surprise of paying for what I had, for I rooked a half-boozed silly young Johnnie in the billiard-room out of nearly a couple of quids, and stayed for the night.

CONFIRMATORY INQUIRIES.

The result of the inquiries I made the next day on the spot—for I'd hit on a lovely idea, one that might do at Brentwood to begin with, but would bear transplantation—bore out all the prattling postman had said. Several times had that new pillar-box been agitated for; the craze for sixpenny entrance-fee competitions *was* raging, for the newsagents I called on and chatted with were selling "like wild-fire" the journals that were booming them. The bigger tradesmen in the vicinity of that new pillar-box-to-be had a special grievance—the best people round about ignored them, sending their orders up to London; many of those orders, reflected I, must be accompanied by remittances.

As for the "old bloke" at the corner house, about him I learned quite a lot. He was at logger-heads with all the shopkeepers. "Bargain Billy," as they called him (amongst other names), never dealt with any of them for anything that he could buy otherwise than locally. Of all the "spend-their-money-out-of-the-place" offenders, he was the worst—as well as the wealthiest. The sobriquet by which he was known had been given him because of his

mania for bargain-hunting. Besides having down from town all the things he was obliged to have, he was always looking out for bargains in things he could never possibly have any use for.

"He must be a fortune to advertisers all over the country," declared one indignant tradesman. "It don't matter what they have to sell—he'll post 'em money for it if they make out that it's a bargain. And he's mad on betting, too—always sending away splosh to back horses with."

Carefully, though to all appearances carelessly, I ascertained the exact times at which the locality between the two existing G.P.O. boxes—of both of which I took the measurements and made other precise notes—was visited by any postman for any purpose, and I made it out that I should have at least three clear hours in hand—say, from 5 till 8 p.m.—the best period of the whole day.

SEARCHING FOR A GOOD IMITATION.

All the way back to town that afternoon I was arranging and settling details.

I tried two or three makers of theatrical properties, but they were no good—model-makers the same. I didn't want a stage pillar-box, or merely a colourable imitation of the real thing. What I wanted had to defy detection. It had to be of some thin metal, not cardboard. To the eye, it had to be literally exact in every particular.

In the end I got the parts made separately and put them together myself, afterwards detaching them, to be re-pieced on the spot. The thing was perfect—lettering and all. Even the difficulty of providing easy means of spiking it into the ground with sufficient firmness was overcome at last.

All things considered, especially its verisimilitude, it hadn't cost me much, and in view of the fact that its first use in one of the outskirts of Brentwood was to be experimental, and would, I hoped, justify more or less extensive use subsequently, what it did cost I didn't begrudge.

ALL UNOBSERVED.

I took it down to Brentwood in a cart.

If ever I had to be both wary and slick in my life, I had to be wary and slick in sticking it up and taking it down—and off. But, watching alertly for my opportunities, I got it up, unobserved; drove away, unobserved; returned, unobserved; got it down, unobserved; got away with it, and all that had been put into it, unobserved.

What nerve I had in those days! I wonder if I could do it now, if I were not physically incapable? As a matter of fact, my minutes of real danger over the job, all put together, were very few—but they were crowded minutes.

With my horse and cart standing at the gate, I walked up to "Bargain Billy's" front door, saw him, and told him that I'd been sent to put up the new pillar-box, and had just done so. I begged his pardon, but thought that he might like to know at once. He did like to know—he liked it very much indeed. I actually told the news in the nearest pub. before I made myself scarce till about eight o'clock.

ALMOST CAUGHT.

At the end it was touch and go—one of the narrowest escapes I've ever had. Just as I was going to start taking the thing down, three servant-girls came round the corner and I should have been caught.

Even after that, there was another thrilling sensation. An old woman came up with a letter in her hand while I was in the very act of loading the cart. Where either she or the girls had sprung from was a mystery, for there had been nobody within sight or sound when I had looked and listened.

"Where's the new pillar-box?" cried the last comer. I told her it was at the next bend of the road, and away she went to search again in vain.

On the whole, the spoils were satisfactory, though only two of the cheques were cashable. The postal orders, albeit, mostly for amounts as low down as sixpence, were fairly numerous—very fairly indeed. The stamps I didn't trouble to count.

In special circumstances, in special districts (generally suburban ones), and at special times, that dummy pillar-box, with altered lettering, did me well on a number of occasions. To this day there must be hundreds of people who still wonder what the devil became of their letters.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

HINTS FOR THE MASCULINE GUEST.

Afternoon tea-parties may be divided into the formal and the informal, and the difference is seen in the style of invitation sent out.

In the former case the hostess issues a card, stating that she will be "At Home" between certain hours on such-and-such a day, the recipient's name being written in the top left-hand corner.

This must be replied to in the third person, thus: "Mr. Blank has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Dash's kind invitation for (such and such a date)."

When the tea-party is informal, the hostess writes in the first person, something after this fashion: "Dear Mr. Blank,—I should be very pleased if you would come to tea on, &c.," and you must similarly reply: "Dear Mrs. Dash,—I shall be delighted to come to tea, etc."

CLOTHES TO WEAR.

For the formal "At Home" you should wear frock-coat or morning-dress, though a *dark* lounge suit, say, blue serge or dark grey, will not be out of place; but for the informal tea-party tweeds are not only permissible, but better than more formal attire.

Whether the function is formal or informal, leave your hat, overcoat, gloves, stick, or umbrella in the hall, handing them to the servant.

If you are escorting ladies, there is some difference in the method of announcement. If you are with your wife or your sister you should tell the maid "Mr. and Mrs. Dash" or "Mr. and Mrs. Dash." On the other hand, if the ladies are merely friends or acquaintances, they should be announced first, *e.g.*, "Mrs. and Miss Asterisk. Mr. Dash."

In any case, the ladies, of course, precede you into the drawing-room. At one time it was customary in these circumstances for the lady to enter on the gentleman's arm.

GREETING YOUR HOSTESS.

Shake hands with your hostess first, next with any members of the household, and then with anyone you know—that is, if they happen to be near you, for nothing is more awkward than a hand-shaking tour of the room.

Introductions are not necessary at a tea-party formal or informal, and you are quite at liberty to sit down beside a strange lady and begin talking to her.

When drinking your tea, cup and saucer must be held in one hand, and not placed on a table, though you may put them down when not actually drinking.

A small plate for eatables is often supplied nowadays. This may be balanced on your knee or placed on a convenient table. If no plate is provided, keep your bread and butter or cake in the saucer.

At a small tea-party you should rise whenever a lady enters or leaves the room, and if you happen to be near the door you should open it for her.

You should not, however, offer to see a departing lady downstairs unless your hostess specially asks you to do so.

THE PARTING GUEST.

In regard to your own departure, don't go the moment after fresh visitors have arrived. To do so might look like trying to avoid them. Naturally, this remark applies only to small affairs, for at a big "At Home" you have a constant stream of arrivals, while at such a gathering it is not necessary to say good-bye to your hostess at all, unless you happen to come face to face with her on your way out.

At an informal tea-party, however, don't stand up to make your adieux when your hostess is in the middle of a conversation with someone else or is busy pouring tea or anything.

Having started to go, don't change your mind about it, unless you know your hostess very well, and that she really means her polite regrets and invitation to stay a little longer.

E. H. HILL.

To Improve Boxing

DRASTIC REFORMS THAT WOULD WORK WONDERS.

It is without the faintest idea of agreeing with the statements of the spoil-sports who would, if they could, kill boxing that I am writing. On the whole, boxing is a clean sport, and, when practised under the jurisdiction of any of our well-known referees, may be taken as one of the manliest and really most innocuous exhibitions in existence. But it is not with boxing, per se, that I wish to deal. It is one or two incidental abuses which are of more or less modern growth that this article is intended to expose.

What I mean is that there are one or two bad features of the conduct and management of bouts (under private promoters' auspices) for which ignoramuses of the old womanish type are wont to blame boxing itself. Eliminate these bad features, and religious sporting reformers will have no grounds on which to raise their oily voices.

CURE FOR FOUL FIGHTING.

It is useless to deny that a great many boxers of the modern school fight foul. Butting, clinching, and the pivot-blow are by no means the dead letters that some optimists would make them out to be. Why not enforce a rule to the effect that at the first sign of a clinch the referee would immediately disqualify the offender, without warning?

If there were such a law, it is certain that clinching would go right out of fashion. What happens now is for the referee to warn both the men against clinching, and then to look on with sublime patience, and an occasional feeble "Break away, there!" while the travesty of the Hackenschmidt v. Gotch wrestling bout is going on. In a word, our referees do too much warning—which is entirely unnecessary. The men know they ought not to get into holds. Why not, then, disqualify them *at once?*

FATAL ACCIDENTS.

One well-known spoil-sport has lately touched on a point which he entirely neglected in his earlier outpourings through the medium of the Press. This is the rather large total of accidents, even fatal, that have occurred during boxing contests of late years. I wonder who was kind enough to suggest this little point to him, for he was obviously unaware of it until quite recently. It is, however, in a measure true.

In a good many contests and competitions there have been cases of men succumbing to punches over the heart and so on; but these have almost invariably occurred in more or less unrecognised functions got up by some private speculator in the East-End of London and similar places. What the spoil-sports either do not know or else are careful not to mention is that in the case of a big contest between two men of Wells's class, whether held at the N.S.C. or elsewhere, there would not be the shadow of a danger of a fatal accident, for each man would be trained to a hair.

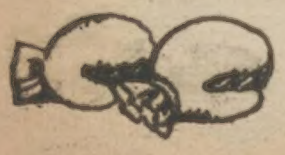
CURSORY MEDICAL INSPECTION.

But in the case of minor boxing fixtures, such as I have mentioned, there certainly are some gravely questionable features. The medical examination is not nearly thorough enough. The men are picked up anywhere, often at the eleventh hour, with no time to train, bills are hastily printed, and, lo! the contest takes place. But the medical examination is farcical, a mere travesty of what is required by the law relating thereto. There are, perhaps, twenty or more men who are going to box, and they file quickly past the medico, who taps a chest here, listens perfunctorily to heart-beats there, and says some such thing as "Feeling fit, eh? All right. You'll do. Next man."

In my opinion every man should receive a thorough examination from the doctor, who should also give a written certificate of his belief in the man's fitness to box.

Lastly, with regard to stakes. The system of a guaranteed share, "win, lose, or draw," is nothing short of an outrage on sport. In every case the winner should get the lion's share, for this would ensure his trying to win.

C. T. BILLING.



MY NOTEBOOK.

PLUCK IN HUMBLE PLACES.

It would appear from recent occurrences chronicled in the daily newspapers that soldiers and others who follow callings which essentially demand courage do not have the sole monopoly of pluck, for that, it seems, is a thing inherent in the majority of Englishmen, and ready to come out whenever it is called for.

It will be remembered how, the other week, a dastardly attempt upon the life of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild was frustrated by a newspaper-seller knocking the weapon out of the hand of his assailant. One does not look for exceptional courage in a man whose business in life it is to sell newspapers on the kerbstone, nor would one have been surprised had this particular paper-merchant bolted for safety, but when the unexpected occurred he did precisely the thing that an Englishman ought to do, and probably he will have reason to regard it as the best three seconds' work that he ever did in his life.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

More recently there has been chronicled in the newspapers another case of pluck in a humble quarter—again, by a coincidence, pluck exhibited by a newspaper-seller. In the course of a police-court inquiry it was mentioned that he had stopped a runaway horse by clambering upon the van, scrambling along the horse's back, steadying himself by holding its ears, while he seized its tongue, and thereby brought it to a standstill.

The magistrate—I think it was Mr. Fordham—complimented him upon his bravery, and said he deserved a medal for it.

Several of my friends, knowing my interest in horses, have asked me whether I consider this feat possible. Anything, I suppose, is possible, but I certainly should not care to stop a runaway in the same manner. The main thing is that this newsvendor stopped the horse by one means or another, and to stop a runaway demands even more courage than to knock a pistol out of an assassin's hand, for the one action is more or less impulsive and instinctive, while the other demands calm calculation and steady, deliberate pluck.

In any case, it is pleasant to think that in spite of the unromantic conditions of present-day life, there still exists amongst us that deep-rooted courage which our critics too often believe to be a thing of the past.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

"Please give Captain Saunders three months' salary in advance, and send him for a long trip, to the South Pole preferably, for I do not like his contributions," says a correspondent. "What does it matter what a man wears? Dirt is a sign of honest work, and a dirty shirt may cover an honest heart."

Certainly it may, but it never covers a clean skin.

I well remember when I first arranged for the feature, "The Outer Man," settling the style on which it should be conducted. Very few papers devote any attention to the subject of masculine attire, and those which do generally give hints that could be useful only to the dandy. What I required of the contributor, and what he has always given, was that he should devote himself chiefly to hints that would be useful to the average man, who, though not a fop, likes to be neat in his appearance and not too far behind the fashion.

The other day in a Tube railway station I saw a man who would have delighted the heart of Captain Saunders's critic. He was a workman returning apparently from his day's labour in a slaughter-house, for his clothes had not only a generous amount of the dirt that bespeaks honesty, but a thick coating of grease.

You would not have believed with what respect that man was treated. It was a "rush hour," and the people were jostling one another to get into the train, but without exception they stood back and made way for this man. Even the roughest stood aside to let him pass. If he had been a hospital nurse he would not have been treated with greater respect.

I wished at the time that one of my contributors who delights in epigram had been with me, for there was humour lurking somewhere.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

JUST CHEERFULLY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By A. G. STORM.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

A few drinks before and during dinner, a glass or two afterwards, then to the football match, and a "gargle" or two there, and so back to town slightly "muzzy"—and Pollyphon and Mescott were in their usual cheerful Saturday evening condition.

They stood at a street corner smiling fondly at each other, while the roaring traffic of the South London thoroughfare was no more than a gentle lullaby in their ears.

"Lesh go and 'ave a shteakanchips," said Pollyphon.

"Lesh," said Mescott.

They went happily along the pavement, looking for a suitable place.

"Lesh go in here," said Pollyphon, halting outside a brightly lit-up picture theatre, which probably he confused with an establishment of a different kind.

"All ri'," said Mescott. Pollyphon paid. It was his usual custom to pay. He was what is known as an awfully good-natured chap."

They went in and found themselves in a tunnel of semi-darkness, with a shivery illuminated oblong at the end, which proved to be animated pictures when earnestly and steadfastly regarded.

Patiently waiting till the lights were turned up they found seats, and Mescott promptly dropped his chin on his chest and went to sleep.

Pollyphon, heavily less drowsy, leaned his head back and watched through half-shut lids the thrilling drama of love and hatred being enacted on the screen. He had a dim notion at the back of his head that some people lived far more violent lives than he did. And he wondered whether, in the event of the opportunity, he, too, would lurk behind the door, waving the terrified girl to a place of hiding behind a curtain, and with only a chair for a weapon prepare to attack the armed and masked pursuers who were stealing up the stairs with such baleful design in their movements.

He fancied not. He fancied his most immediate and instinctive action would have been to throw open the window and yell for the police.

As for the hook-nosed chief of the marauders, who always carried a naked dagger in his hand and rolled his eyes alarmingly whenever anyone thwarted him, Pollyphon knew perfectly well (it was no use being anything but candid about the matter) he would have been frightened out of his wits by him, and that, far from daring to land him one on the napper with the ricketty-looking chair, he would have gone down on his knees to him and lifted shuddering hands, imploring him to spare his life, promising him all things, even the possession of the blowzy-looking girl, if only he would generously be merciful.

Yes, Pollyphon was no hero, and in a spasm of disappointed envy he classed as blooming idiots all those who were.

Just then the shimmering pictures performed a sort of jig, and, like a snatched tablecloth, flashed upwards out of sight. There followed a few alternations of flickering blue lights and darkness. Then a yellow, unsteady flare, then a shout, and then a general turning of heads and a shrill, prolonged scream.

That scream acted on Pollyphon as ten bands of armed marauders would not have done. He jabbed Mescott violently in the ribs and jumped to his feet with terror stopping his heart. He bent down and shook his friend, bawling in his ear the word "*Fire!*"

"Eh?" said Mescott, starting up.

"Fire! Look!" and Pollyphon waved an excited arm.

Great tongues of flame were eating up the operating box. An authoritative stentorian voice was bidding everybody "Go out quietly." Above it, and almost drowning it, were the panic-stricken sounds of the audience—shrieks of women, the wailing of children, hoarse, staccato utterances from men, frenzied orders from parents exhorting their children to "Stick close to them,"—a wild, sobbing discord which increased to pandemonium as the people surged in eddying waves towards the various doors marked "Exit."

Someone went on playing the piano very noisily and very deliberately—the bravest person in the building.

Pollyphon and Mescott were among the first out. They made no bones about their anxiety to get there. They were bigger and stronger than the majority of the people about them—many of whom were women and girls and children—and they used their advantage with the grim, unregardful haste of the desperate.

He was swaying like one drunk, carrying a child in his arms.

Panting and dishevelled, they stood among the crowd which rapidly had formed in the street, regaining their breath and mechanically straightening their clothes.

They heaved with immense relief at the thought of the danger they had escaped, then watched with fascinated eyes the agitated battling at the front exit, where the people were fighting and struggling and screaming to get out. Panic had taken fast hold of them. From behind could be heard the lamentable wailing of children, trodden under foot or thrust aside. Smoke was pouring out in great bellying gusts from above the people's heads, beating down at intervals and partially obscuring them. As yet no flame was visible.

The shrieks of distress became piercing and pitiable.

Pollyphon turned wildly on Mescott, gesturing ineptly and shouting at the top of his voice.

"Why don't somebody do something? Where's the fire-engine? Why don't somebody go for the fire-engine?"

A policeman was near him, keeping back the growing crowd. Pollyphon accosted him, shouting incoherencies with uncontrollable excitement. He was summarily pushed away.

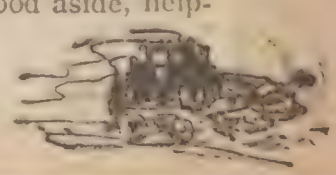
"You can't do anything. They'll all be out in a minute. Stand back, there."

"But I can't stand here—all that going on!"

His lanky body was like a jack-spring of jerky impulsiveness. He tiptoed, searching the street in either direction for the sight of an approaching fire-engine. The traffic had stopped; the crowd had increased to such dimensions that it was practically filling the street. The one or two policemen were wholly engaged in preserving some semblance of control. Mescott found himself suddenly engulfed in an advancing tide of humanity and swept some yards away from Pollyphon.

When next he saw him he was at the entrance to the smoking picture-theatre endeavouring to *fight his way in.*

Mescott could hardly believe his eyes. It was not merely a mad task to attempt; it was well-nigh impossible. The doorway was still packed with frenzied, struggling people. As one tore free, another would squeeze forward with the distorted lips and eyes of a runner finishing a race. Pollyphon was twice knocked over by the plunging violence of escaping forms. He altered his tactics and stood aside, help-



ing the people out by dragging at any part of their bodies he could lay hold of.

All unexpectedly the pressure was relieved. A final few persons ran gasping towards the crowd. Out from the empty doorway burst a billowing cloud of smoke—an obscurity tinged with flame.

The crowd gave vent to a travelling commentary of expectation. Mescott sighted Pollyphon, ungainly and stooping, with long chin thrust forward, peering into the smoke.

Abruptly in the distance sounded the pulse-stirring clangour of the fire-engine bell. So continuous and loud was it that many did not hear the dreadful other sound which broke out from the burning building at the same time—a sound which drove the blood from the faces of some, which made the skin of Pollyphon go " creepy " from scale to heel. There were human beings still left in the theatre, running about blindly and crying out like forsaken things.

When Mescott looked for Pollyphon again he could not see him.

But he came into view presently—a shadowy busy figure behind other figures, which were propelled into the street as though by vigorous pushes.

Once more he reappeared; one arm through that of a staggering man, the other round the shoulders of a little girl who was hiding her face against his coat and sobbing convulsively. He surrendered them to onlookers and turned and went back.

Now with a jingling of harness the fire-engine drove through the crowd. The men were on the ground before the snorting horses had halted. Each man seemed to know his particular duty and immediately set about performing it. Their captain pushed his way towards a police-constable. An exchange of curt sentences followed, then the captain nodded, and calling up two of his men, the three of them plunged forthwith into the burning theatre. By now the roof was sending up columns of smoke, luminous with occasional flame. Smoke still poured out through the doorway. A faint angry roaring could be heard, the baleful crackling of wood.

Pollyphon reappeared again.

He had a woman on his back, her arms over his shoulders, holding her by the wrists. Her head was limp; she was apparently unconscious.

He let her fall and almost fell himself. Recovered, wiped his brow, and went back.

Mescott, tight held by some agony, watched.

The firemen came bursting out, heads lowered—empty-armed.

" Nobody else there," shouted the captain. " Where's that hose? Here, give it to me! "

Mescott, fighting like a held cat, got out of the crowd and dashed up to the standing firemen.

He shouted incoherencies, with an excitement surpassing Pollyphon's.

" Eh? " said the captain, sharply turning, and looking at him.

" My friend. In there. He's been saving them. He's just gone back. Ask anybody."

" We didn't see him. But the smoke's like a blanket. Just gone in, you say? But there are other exits——"

" Look! " said Mescott, suddenly rigid and pointing.

Pollyphon reappeared, magnified through the smoke. He was swaying like one drunk, carrying a child in his arms.

They ran forward to meet him.

His face was blackened with smoke, the rims of his eyes were lashless and red. He had lost his cap, and his hair was nearly all burned away.

But the light in his eyes Mescott never afterwards forgot.

" That's all," he said, huskily, giving up the child. " I don't think there's any more."

He turned on Mescott and clapped him rather playfully on the shoulder.

" How's that, my lad? " he said, laughing through cracked lips. " Didn't take me for a hero, did you? "

The laugh changed suddenly to an expression of puzzled surprise. He crumbled to the ground, groping feebly with his hands.

Mescott stared stupidly down at the captain, who was raising his chum's head. A gentleman came up who said he was a doctor. He bent and made a rapid examination.

He stood erect and shook his head slightly.

Reverently he took off his hat.

Mescott burst suddenly into tears.

HURLING IN CORNWALL.

OUR OLDEST BRITISH BALL GAME.

Holiday visitors to the much-boomed watering-places of Cornwall are given the opportunity of witnessing and taking part in the old Celtic game of " hurling with the silver ball," as it is called to distinguish it from other varieties of the game.

At New Quay, St. Ives, and elsewhere, matches are arranged on the broad expanses of hard sand between visitors and residents, or between married men and single men, and the game played out as it has been from the earliest times in the Celtic peninsula of England.

Cornish hurling is not improbably the oldest game still played in these islands.

The only implement is a ball, somewhat less in size than a cricket ball, made of pear wood, and coated with silver, being inscribed with Celtic devices of twisted snakes and knot work, and mottoes in ancient Cornish, of which " Guare teg y guare weg," or " Fair play is good play," is the favourite.

PARISH AGAINST PARISH.

Numbers of such hurling balls are preserved in the old granite mansion houses of the Duchy, and serve as models for the balls used to-day.

Formerly one parish played another adjoining on the feast-day of their respective patron saints, the goals being the respective church towers, or the mansions of the respective Squires of the two parishes.

Often these were miles apart, and, the ball being thrown up midway between the goals, it was the business of the players to convey it to their own goal, not as in modern ball games, to force it into that of their opponents.

To do this—and it is the same to-day, though in the watering-place game the goals are not often more than a mile or so apart—the player caught the thrown ball and ran with it more or less in the direction of his own church steeple.

MUST KEEP IT SHOWING.

He was not allowed to conceal the ball, but had to carry it so that at least one-third of its shining surface was always visible. He could, however, go in what direction he liked to attain his end, and hurling reached almost the rank of a field sport when he made a detour into the adjoining country over hill and dale to reach the goal.

It is reported that in the St. Columb hurling a runner with the ball once took refuge in a patch of gorse on Tregoss Moors, which was set alight by his pursuers before he could be induced to disclose his whereabouts.

Overtaken by an opponent, the possessor of the ball had either to yield it or to throw it to a player of his own side to carry forward to the goal. Once while this was being done the ball went through the bedroom window of a house near the church, whence it was thrown by the maiden lady who dwelt there, with unerring aim and amid immense enthusiasm, straight for the wall of the church tower, so winning the match for that parish.

KEPT AS TROPHIES.

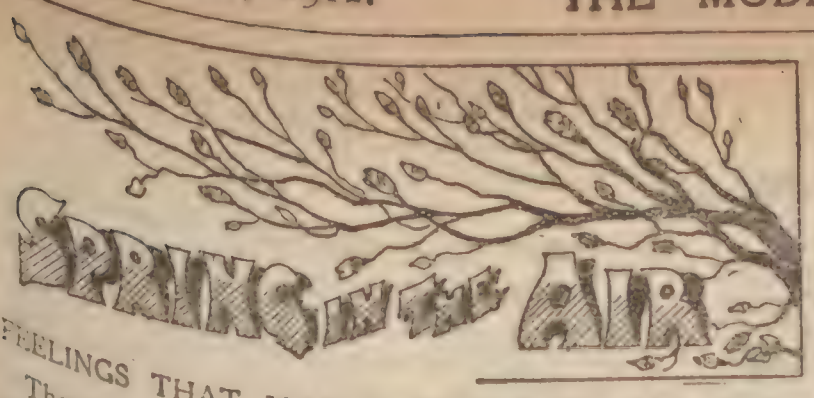
Hurling with the silver ball is played between rival parishes at all seasons of the year; but the great " exhibition " games are those played at the most popular seaside resorts. The ball is usually presented by the corporation, or other local authority, and subsequently preserved at the town hall or principal house as a trophy. In former days the Squire to whose house it had been triumphantly hurled retained the trophy; but paid for it somewhat extravagantly in ale and cyder for the contestants.

There was a form of the game at one time popular in East Cornwall called " hurling to goals," in contradistinction to the older game of " hurling to the country"; in the former bushes were planted between which the ball had to be carried. The principle was the same as in " hurling to the country," and it was a favourite game for wedding parties, the bride's relations being pitted against those of the bridegroom.

It was the forerunner of football, which has now entirely supplanted it, though the original game remains in the West.

Irish hurley, and camanacha or shinty in Scotland, are probably derivatives of Cornish hurling, as a ball game into which the stick has been introduced, and the objectives of the goals reversed.

FREDERICK [illegible]



FEELINGS THAT MARCH BRINGS TO ALL MEN.

There is an intense, personal, intimate pleasure and satisfaction for every one of us in doing what is called "turning over a new leaf," "starting again."

There is just as much pleasure in imagining that we do so, whether anything happens in our mode of life or not. We may go on just as before, possibly even deceiving ourselves that we have made a change which suits us better than the old way.

And nothing gives us this pleasant feeling so keenly and clearly as the first feeling that spring is in the air, when all the world, or, at least, all our world, begins to count again.

Until that inspiring moment we have been able to do nothing but languish in the trough of the dark days. Swifter and swifter swirls the not always satisfying or safe whirlpool of the social round; we have grown satiated with electric light, dazzling scenes, indoor revelries, wine, women, and song—and we long for a full, deep breath of a rarer, less scented and suffused atmosphere.

FRESH FIELDS.

And as spring comes along we feel that we have at last reached the lowest trough of the wane of civilised artificiality and are being carried again up to a foaming crest where all things will once more tempt us with a new experience.

Down in the tired end of winter we were farthest from our keenest ambitions. Now we have rounded the corner, and a sense of determination returns.

Possibly to the athletic, the open-air, the fresh-air man, the spring is most exhilarating. He knows that every day brings him nearer to Nature's revival, and he looks for this with eyes that perhaps, in their eagerness, see the beginnings of new things when in reality they only exist in his straining imagination.

He feels that he can grip life with both hands, and hoist himself upon it with something of a domineering spirit. He will be top-dog, and circumstance shall no longer tyrannise over him. It is a delicious feeling. You get it when you are some hundreds of feet up in an aeroplane, shooting through air without effort of your own.

RISING SAP.

Part of a man's vigorous enjoyment of the earth is the fact that all else is reviving with him. The rags of the past are fast disappearing, old leaves have decayed and buried themselves to reunite with elemental earth, sap has begun to stir, and though to talk of summer is folly, yet the spirit of summer precedes the material appearances, and man anticipates.

Whatsoever comes is not too dense or dark to obscure the beyond of brightness and new life. Plans are made for unborn seasons, and the earth is pictured in its coming colours and glory when the first buds burst their sheaths.

And when, as if in answer to a man's earth hunger, a lapwing begins again to wheel and scream over the drying fields, or note escapes from the blackbird's throat, or a ray of extra warmth comes from the slowly mounting sun, it is hard to restrain a shout of sheer joy in life.

C. Easton-Grey.

TWO v. ONE.

Dr. Chavasse, the Bishop of Liverpool, is the father of twin sons, whose desperate races in the University sports will be well remembered.

When the twins arrived, Dr. Chavasse was a country rector. The two little strangers came into the world on a Saturday night, and next morning it happened to be the curate's turn to preach.

He was a young man with a sense of humour, and with a solemn face he ascended the pulpit and announced as his text: "Are not two better than one?"

FOOTBALL SPEED.

ITS DIFFERENCE FROM SPEED ON THE TRACK.

Few of the thousands of people who every Saturday applaud what they are pleased to call "a rippingly fast game" really understand the points that go to make a fast player.

It is by no means the mere ability to run fast, like a hundred yards sprinter or a half-miler. In fact, you will often come across a man who can do wonderful times on the track, but who is almost snail-like on the football field.

Really one could almost—only not quite—sum up football speed as "quickness on the ball"; for it is easy to see that the game cannot proceed at a greater rate than the ball travels. Thus agility in dodging, acuteness in selecting the right moment at which to jump in and tackle a man, and general smartness in dribbling, are the chief desiderata for fast play.

These are the things which constitute fast football, and they are of infinitely greater importance in goal-scoring than mere speed.

A fast runner is, of course, of undoubted value to a team, but it is very seldom that you will come across even an admittedly fast winger who could do anything like eleven seconds in the hundred from scratch. Speed is not so desirable in a centre-forward as in a winger, because the former's progress can reasonably be slower inasmuch as he has to feed his four fellow-forwards as accurately as possible, and in his case the motto should be slow but sure.

The same, more or less, applies to the halves, for they have to be continually feeding, and sometimes, though not often, passing to the backs for a long clearance.

On the other hand, speed in running is of incalculable value to a back, for it enables him to be on more or less equal terms in this respect with his inveterate enemy the flying winger, and, at any rate, helps him in intercepting the latter's nippy centres.

The goalkeeper needs to be more agile than fleet of foot, able to spring from one side of his goal to the other in a flash, or to jump up and tip hot shots over the bar. Custodians are, however, very fast as a rule, and one of the most surprising instances of this was Foulkes, the enormous Sheffield United goalkeeper, who had a hardly credible turn of speed.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

SQUAT EXERCISES.

FOR DEVELOPING THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

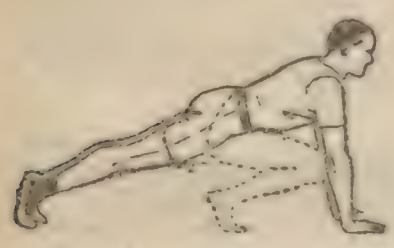
Exercises in the squat or frog position increase the circulation in the legs and stomach, straighten the lower part of the spine, and stretch and strengthen the muscles of the hips and loins.

In the squat position your attitude should be that of a frog preparing to jump. The knees are bent outwards, heels raised, with the arms straight and the hands placed on the floor close to the feet.

The hands, fingers and thumbs close together, should be the width of the shoulders apart and directly under the shoulders.

The weight of the body should be mainly on the arms, while the head should be kept well up, and your hinder part down.

From the squat, it is easy to come to the prone-falling position, as shown in the illustration, by stretching the legs backwards. This is an excellent exercise for expanding the chest.



A good all-round exercise.

Keep the legs together with the feet turned out, head up, chin well in. The chest should be pushed out between the arms.

The back should not be hollowed, and the arms and knees must not be allowed to bend.

Before coming to the prone-falling position practise stretching one leg backwards at a time from the squat position.

WEIGHT.

RECIPE FOR INCREASE OR REDUCTION.

In another column I answer a correspondent who is anxious about his weight, but I am so frequently written to on this point that I may deal with it at some length.

Lack of weight is not necessarily a sign of weakness, and you need not be alarmed because your weight is not in proportion to your height according to the tables on weighing machines.

Weight is largely a matter of size and density of bone, and a healthy, fully-developed man may be considerably under weight, simply because his bones are small or light.

I have a friend, for instance, who is some 20lbs under the standard weight for his height, but he is a first-class life for insurance purposes.

Weight, again, is affected by a man's habits. Alcohol makes some men put on weight, others it keeps thin.

However, we are talking of the abnormally light man, and I repeat that his condition is not necessarily a symptom of constitutional weakness.

On the other hand, it is a condition which requires watching, and if there be any continued decline in weight, medical advice should be sought at once.

From my correspondence, many men appear to think that they can increase their weight by eating much of rich foods, but this is a great mistake.

Some men are so constituted that what they eat or drink does not make an ounce of difference to their avoirdupois, but in general terms to put on weight you should avoid rich foods, eat sparingly, shun alcohol in the shape of spirits, and take *moderate* exercise.

The same prescription, with the additional barring of malt liquors, will reduce weight—that is, if the weight is abnormal.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

J. S. G. (Wolverhampton).—Massage the muscles affected with a mixture of sweet oil and turpentine in equal parts. It is a simple embrocation to make, and a very effective one.

R. L. (Birmingham).—I am afraid you are in for a whitlow, a very troublesome ailment. Keep soaking the affected thumb in water as hot as ever you can bear it.

A. R. (Hampstead).—Before taking a cold plunge after a hot bath, put some cotton wool in the ears, otherwise you are liable to injure the delicate aural mechanism.

M. S. P. (Chichester).—Don't worry about your being under the average weight for your height. Probably you are light-boned, and so long as you feel fit, and your weight remains fairly constant, there is no cause for alarm.

K. S. (Balham).—Sufferers from more or less chronic throat troubles often derive permanent benefit from allowing a beard, but, of course, there is your personal appearance to be considered.

INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION IN PHYSICAL CULTURE

by a thoroughly competent specialist is an absolute necessity if really beneficial results are desired. This individuality cannot be given by exponents of crown or cheaper courses; but, on the other hand, it is unnecessary to pay a number of guineas for a course of instructions to suit your needs.

The Robinson system of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture guarantees individual attention to all pupils, so that Health and Physical Perfection is the natural result obtained. No apparatus is used, making it possible to perform the exercises anywhere at any time.

Write NOW for my Free Booklet, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," describing my method, and giving particulars of my Great Cash Gifts Scheme.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, PHYSICAL CULTURE SPECIALIST

(Dept. M7), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, Liverpool S.

It doesn't look well, does it, to see a tall girl walking out with a short man?

Now, if that man were to undergo my course of instruction for the increase of height, I could bring him up within three months, so that they would be a handsome couple.

You realise the advantages of being tall. Let me make you so.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches. My system is perfectly natural, no appliances are used, and my exercises not only make you taller but improve your appearance and general health in every way.

Write to me for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the . . Increase of Height

(Dept. MM.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

THE SUPERLATIVE CYCLIST.

A TERRITORIAL SKETCH.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I think that in these days any man with a knowledge of Territorial affairs visiting the headquarters of a cyclist company that were known to most of their enemies and half of their friends as the Aimless Aeriels, would say that they were a steady lot.

But as one who participated in the joys of the bygone days, even if I did not wear their uniform, I must echo with the others, "If only old Arthur K. were back!"

If only——

If ever there was a man who kept a company on the go, it was the ever-popular "Kay."

Rather slender and something to joke about in puttees, yet with the most charming and fetching, all-embracing, all-for-sport, manly smile that ever a son of Mars was blessed with, he was a walking catalogue of Territorial virtues.

Whenever (as Corporal in charge of a detachment on manœuvres) he dismounted his men to fall back on a public-house, he always made up for it by leading them double speed for the next five miles, and when they gasped he would quote some health expert on the folly of drinking alcoholic beverages on the ride.

Prisoners he captured at any time met with the greatest consideration at his hands. If on a hot day they had anything other than water in their bottles, they were allowed to hand it round in order, as "Kay" said, to make them feel that they were considered soldiers and brothers for all that they had been captured.

As chairman of the committee of the Aimless Aeriels' Ball, he always saw to it that Yeomanry and Footslogger representatives were invited, and when they got there was particular to introduce them to good partners. Accurately gauging each individual taste, he acted his part with the utmost tact and an eye to the law of compensation. Men who were of the sitting-out variety were handed pretty girls—and indifferent dancers. Dancing men got divine waltzers, whose adjective was not matched by anything but their disposition.

In the stamp-and-go of the Lancers you would hear the voice of "Kay" (remember this was a military ball where much is permitted) crying out in the enthusiasm of after-supper champagne: "What ho! the cyclists!"

"What ho! the cyclists!" it *was* in those dear dead days beyond recall.

But "Kay" is not with them to shout it, nor to execute the war dance that accompanies it now.

Thus the "Aimless Aeriels" are sadder and less efficient men.

Our Fountain Pens.

THE MODERN MAN half-guinea Fountain Pen will be sent to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and 12 Pen Coupons.

The nib is 14-carat solid gold, and ball-pointed. The ink is supplied by a twin-feed, with spiral attachment. The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased. It is packed in a special box, with glass-filler and full directions.

A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 730 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

VALETS

HOW THE "GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN" FARES IN LIFE.

Almost every man of wealth, who lives alone, and who takes any pride in his outward appearance, employs a valet. And in nine cases out of ten, that valet manages to have a very good time of it.

Not all of us regard the valet, as a type, with unqualified approval. Indeed, most of us consider that the nature of the valet's work detracts in some degree from his manhood, that he is performing duties which should more fitly be taken on by a nigger or a subservient Hindoo. We should prefer to see our valet breaking stones, or shouting "Coals!" or, far better, grooming his master's horse.

IN DEFENCE.

To take the other side of the question, are we not a little too self-complacent in our conviction? The unfortunate valet is no whit less worthy of regard than the thousands of men all over the country, who every day haul down and unfold bales of cloth and linen, aye, and exhibit daintily befrilled articles of underwear, for the allurement of lady shoppers; and the valet can safely be said to earn a lot more money.

He can start in life in all sorts of ways. Very often he is a page-boy in the service of a man who has sons about his own age, and when the latter go out into the world, one of them will perhaps take the erstwhile page-boy with him as valet. Or else, he may be the son of some sort of manservant, a butler, for instance, who will be able to get a job as valet for his son, when the latter is old enough, either in his own master's house, or in that of one of his master's friends.

MARKET NOT OVERCROWDED.

There is always work to be had for a good valet, possibly for the reason outlined at the beginning of this article. At any rate, the market is not overcrowded, and a man who knows good clothes from bad, studies the prevailing fashions a little, and understands how to keep clothes in order, can be reasonably certain of getting work of this kind.

The wage paid to a valet is generally about thirty shillings a week, but he is able to add to it in all sorts of ways. It is, however, a fact that the more manly and straighter-dealing valets will be not so prosperous as those whose moral sense is not so highly developed.

For instance, the commission system is rampant among valets; but there is little complaint to be made against it. If a prosperous dandified man finds he wants some new pairs of boots of different kinds, he sends his valet out to get them, and if the shopkeeper feels inclined to give the valet half a crown or five shillings for introducing his master's custom, surely the servant is justified in taking it.

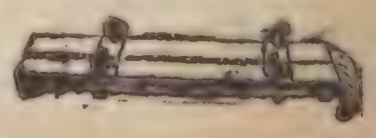
COOKING ACCOUNTS.

That is a more or less legitimate way of adding to a valet's earnings; but there are others which will not bear so close a scrutiny. I am referring to a system of cooking accounts.

Part of the valet's business is the ordering of his master's shirts, socks, and so on, and in the ordinary way he is supplied with a weekly sum of money wherewith to pay any bills received for articles on the cash-on-delivery system. What the crook valet does is to buy shirts, say, for 8s. 6d. each, and charge his unsuspecting master 12s. or 15s. each for them. The type of man who employs a valet is generally of the good-natured, careless order, and it is very seldom he asks to see any bills. And even if he does, the valet knows shops which will oblige him by making out two bills—one for the master and one for the man.

Thus it is that where an honest valet will make, perhaps, about £100 a year, a less scrupulous one may net as much as £250. But, in justice to them as a class, the latter type should be set down as exceptions to a pretty upright rule.

ALBERT WRIGHT.



"SQUARED UP."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By CHARLES STEPHENS.

The Hon. Percival Pirrieway, as he sat in the cosy lounge of that much-favoured resort of the golden youth of the West-End, the Plymouth Hotel, in Cork Street, lazily admiring the roseate beauty of the cherry at the bottom of his cerise vermouth mixture, was blissfully ignorant of the doom that was awaiting him.

Two persons embodied this doom; and these two persons stood on the pavement outside the northern entrance to the Burlington Arcade, a point of vantage from which they could commodiously scan the entrance of the Plymouth Hotel aforementioned, without unduly awakening the impertinent curiosity of that establishment's hall-porter, who stood in majesty in the brilliantly lighted portico.

It was getting late in the evening, and one or two of the shopkeepers in the Arcade, who were putting up their shutters, gave an occasional glance of interest, not untinged with suspicion, to the two watchers, a fact which did not add in any marked degree to the latter's composure.

The shorter of the two, with a nose whose redness may be ascribed in a spirit of charity to chronic indigestion, and who was attired neatly but not gaudily in a coat which, by reason of its extending to his ankles, had doubtless at one time hung in an open hall at the moment of its present owner's passing, stamped his feet impatiently. He answered, to all but very official, or dun-like persons, to the name of Bert Rowley.

"I'm gettin' dam 'ungry, Billy," said Mr. Rowley to his companion. "I wonder 'ow much longer the blighter 'ull be."

"'E shouldn't be much longer. 'E's been in there three-quarters of an hour already," said Mr. William Cockeram, optimistically.

Mr. Cockeram was built on a generous scale. Indeed, as will appear later in this veracious narrative, it was chiefly by reason of his physical proportions that Mr. Rowley had brought him on the expedition.

Mr. Cockeram was right, too. It was not many minutes before the Plymouth's hall-porter was seen to touch his gold-braided cap to an issuing figure—and to gaze after that figure with a certain disappointment in his expressive features—for Mr. Percival Pirrieway declined a taxi and sauntered off elegantly in the direction of Clifford Street.

Like greyhounds from the leash Messrs. Rowley and Cockeram sped after him. They caught him up artistically, midway between two street lamps, in a spot which was therefore conveniently gloomy. Mr. Rowley touched him on the shoulder.

"Just a moment, Mr. Pirrieway," he said.

Mr. Pirrieway turned sharply, then surveyed the pair with a languid and disdainful surprise through his monocle.

"Yes?" he drawled. "What d'ye want?"

"Fact is, Mr. Pirrieway," began Bert Rowley glibly, "me an' my pal 'ere are very 'ungry an' very broke. Now," he went on, fixing the other with a meaning stare, "it's struck us that a toff like you, with the generous 'eart that everybody knows so well, might feel disposed to assist two deservin' cases with, say, the flea-bite of a tenner to divide between us——"

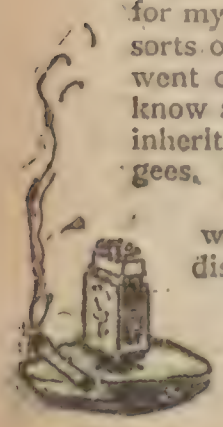
"Why the devil should I?" asked the Hon. Percival. "You apparently know me, but I'm dashed if I know you. Seem to have seen your face *somewhere*, though," he added, a little thoughtfully.

"You know Bob Bagley, the bookie?" assisted Mr. Rowley, and recognition came to Mr. Pirrieway.

"Yes, of course," he said quickly. "You're that clerk of his who was sacked for stealing——"

"*S-sh!*" interrupted Mr. Rowley, with raised hands. "Say I used to work in Bagley's office. Well, I know you owe him upwards o' three thousand pounds. Now, how would Lord Biglands, your honoured father, go on if he knew?" A pause. "Don't you think it's worth a tenner for my pal an' me to keep shut about it? Oh, we've got all sorts o' ways of hearin' the gossip o' the servants' 'all," he went on in answer to the other's inquiring look, "an' we know as well as you do that Lord Biglands 'as swore to disinherit you if you touched—even touched—bettin' on the gees. Now, what do you say?"

"S'pose I say 'No'?" suggested Mr. Pirrieway with well-feigned equanimity. Messrs. Rowley and Cockeram discreetly edged closer, one on either side of him.



"I shouldn't advise you to," said Mr. Rowley pleasantly. "Billy, 'ere—'e's *useful*."

The Hon. Percy took his meaning.

"You seem to have got me set," he said philosophically, and the pair of friends gave satisfied smiles. "Well, here, I haven't got anything like a tenner on me. My man keeps all my money for me—an' I'm hanged if I'm going to ask you to my rooms. Tell you what, I'll [illegible] him to come an' meet us somewhere, an' bring the [illegible] eh?"

"That'll do," said Mr. Rowley, happily; and the trio made for the nearest telephone box.

"Billy's got to go in the box with yer," said Mr. Rowley. "Otherwise you *might* be gettin' on to some of your toffish pals in Scotland—Yard," he added humorously.

So Mr. Cockeram squeezed his bulky form in with the much-annoyed Percival, and listened anxiously while the latter called for the required number. It was not, Mr. Cockeram realised with relief, any nasty place like Scotland Yard. Suddenly Mr. Pirrieway began to speak.

"Send Day to the 'phone, will yah?" he drawled. "That you, Day? I've got two gentlemen with me who are in need—urgent need, to judge from their manner—of a tenner. I've not got it, an' I want to pay 'em. Will you come along an' bring the needful to give it to them? [illegible] us at—— Hold on a minute.

"Where shall he bring it to?" he asked, turning to Mr. Cockeram. The latter whispered [illegible] his ear.

"There, Day?" the Hon. Percival said into the 'phone. "Meet us in half an hour in York Street, St. James's Square. Got that? Right! Good-bye."

Punctually at the time appointed Mr. Pirrieway was piloted into the dark little thoroughfare which runs between St. James's Square and Jermyn Street, Mr. Rowley pressing against him affectionately on one side, and Mr. Cockeram no less sympathetically on the other.

"Your man 'asn't got 'ere yet," said Bert Rowley, scanning the deserted street interestedly for waiting figures. "But, there, I don't s'pose 'e'll be long, will 'e?"

"Day's always punctual," said the Hon. Percy. "Ah, here he comes."

Under the lamp at the Jermyn Street end a short but well set-up, clean-shaven figure was seen for an instant in the act of turning into York Street. The man hurried up to the waiting trio.

"I am sorry, sir. I am a few moments late," he said to Mr. Pirrieway. Then he glanced keenly at the latter's two strange companions. "Which of these gentlemen am I to give it—the money— to, sir?"

Mr. Cockeram took the answer upon himself.

"*Me!*" he growled, quelling the faintly protesting Rowley with a truculent glance and an equally threatening movement in his direction. Mr. Pirrieway nodded acquiescence.

"Right you are, sir," said Day, extending his left hand in which gold pieces shone temptingly. "Count 'em," he added to Mr. Cockeram.

Eagerly the latter bent forward—and then tragedy [illegible] her sable cloak over him.

"You take the other one, sir!" shouted Day suddenly, and simultaneously shot his right fist hard to Cockeram's protruded jaw.

The Hon. Percival Pirrieway needed no second bidding. He made a spring at the dissipated and untrained Rowley, and quickly, if amateurishly, had that gentleman prostrate and moaning for mercy. But Day made a much more artistic job of Cockeram.

The sound of his fists on the latter's anatomy was like the clacking of castanets. Then there was just one ground as Day's right hit the "mark" like a sledge-hammer, and Cockeram reeled against a wall, sick and silly.

"Gentlemen," said the Hon. Percival Pirrieway, ceremoniously, "allow me to introduce Professor Bat Day, of Panton Street, ex-light-weight champion of England, and boxing instructor. If ever you want lessons, he might [illegible] you—perhaps.

"And—er—you needn't waste stamps and notepaper on my guv'nor," he added kindly, turning back, "as I might have told you before, he knows all about it. He's [illegible] debts, an' I've sworn off the gees. *Good*-night!"

In honour of the occasion, Professor Bat Day and his noble patron partook of two cerise vermouth mixtures at a neighbouring hostel.

"Paid 'em proper, didn't we, sir?" said [illegible] happily, raising his glass.

AROUND THE LEAGUES.

SOME FOOTBALL COMMENTS.

It is not always that an "understudy makes good"—if I may be permitted a theatrical simile—in the football world; but there was an outstanding case of this rare occurrence in the match at Oldham between the home team and Woolwich Arsenal. Roose was absent from the Woolwich team, and his place in goal was taken by Crawford, who gave a splendid display. It is quite true that the Oldham forwards were none too brilliant, but whenever a shot was put in, Crawford was almost invariably safe. There was one especially commendable shot of his, in the second half, when he fisted out from just under the bar, after making a sort of diagonal jump from the extreme opposite side of the goal. The Oldham custodian, Matthews, gave an almost equally sound performance.

Hilsdon, the brilliant Chelsea forward, is one of the unluckiest players in the field just now; indeed, "in the field" is hardly the right phrase, for poor Hilsdon is likely to be out of it for the rest of the season. He was seen to be limping almost from the start of Chelsea's match against Bristol City at Bristol, and was so far below his usual form in the second half that he had to change places with Bridgeman. But he showed wonderful pluck in remaining on the field to the end, for his sufferings must have been acute. Considering all things, Chelsea were lucky to make a 1—1 draw.

Another goalkeeper who ought to have the eyes of the League fixed on him very closely at no distant date is Caldwell, who is at present officiating for Reading. In the match at home against Coventry City Caldwell did two things which were sufficient to stamp him as a master of his department of the game. His fisting-out of an apparently irresistible shot at point-blank range from Boston, the Coventry centre, and again the piece of work when he picked up the ball from Turnbull's toes just as the latter was bustling it over the goal-line, deserve to go down to football posterity.

To forsake the League Competition for the English Cup, the conclusion of the Fourth Round of the struggle for the latter found Swindon Town the only Southern team still in the running. The crowd that saw the home side beat Everton by 2—1 is said to be a record for the Swindon ground.

G. K.

8th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

A Bicycle for the Best.

TEN HALF-CROWN CONSOLATION PRIZES.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Telephone Girls."

If you examine those words, you will find that the centre letters are "P" and "R" respectively. Now we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "P" and "R" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Prize Pigs," but don't use that one, for it is only an example. If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "R" and the second with "P."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 8th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 730, and forward it to "8th Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 26. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, April 1.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a penny stamp. If you send two attempts, enclose two stamps; if you send three attempts, enclose three stamps, and so on.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

6th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our sixth "Centres" Competition was "Love's Arrow." For his phrase, "Remedy—Vicar," the bicycle goes to Mr. H. S. Goodyer, 36, Villa Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to those whose "Centres" came next in merit: Messrs. A. Lambert, 1, Victoria Road, Platt Bridge, Wigan; E. Welch, 14, London Road, West Croydon; W. Banbury, 182, Railway Street, Cardiff; F. Wilkins, 16, Claremont Range, Gorton, Manchester; D. Barfoot, Sandford Road, East Ham; W. Dennis, 93, Whitmore Road, Sandford Heath, Birmingham; J. Sharp, 105, Wynford Road, Barnsbury; R. A. Simpson, 51, High Street, Swansea; A. Coggins, Victoria Road, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts; K. Balbough, The Crescent, Town Street, Bramley, Leeds.

The Sea Wardens

A NATURE STUDY.

By A. CLIFTON ARMITAGE.

Against the wintry sky, high up, Skreejak, the gull, and Kreege, his mate, wheeled in sweeping semi-circles. Behind them the flock came, dotted vivid white against the leaden tint.

Thus, for many, many miles, they had flown from the coast of Normandy, across the Channel, now inland as the gales raged, now along the foreshores, till presently they hung in the sky visible from the little bay on the Thames estuary that they had finally selected for their sheltered winter grounds.

Here were mud flats when the tide receded, here was a plenty of such morsels as they loved, together with the shoals upon shoals of the smaller fry beyond the jutting, wind-and-rain-swept piers.

DISPUTING THE DAINTIES.

Perceiving that they had come to a fair hunting-ground, they swooped. Presently the flock were in the harbour, screaming and screeching and crying as they hovered in bewildering circles above the water or wheeled up to the quay-head, now skimming the wavelets, now settling down to quarrel over a scrap of floating garbage.

Even Skreejak and Kreege quarrelled over the first meal the grounds offered them. They had elected to start their occupancy beyond the harbour out on the flats to the north of it, and they knew that it was there that presently the common kind of the flock would come to their beckoning cry.

Soon they found a plethora of the thinner-mailed shellfish to peck at and knock upon great stones till finally their perseverance was rewarded with the joy that belongs to the hunter of food as he tears his prey into strips of wet flesh.

VOICING HIS MESSAGE.

Rising from the beds and flying high, Skreejak shrieked out his message to the flock, telling them of mussels and small fish, and collected garbage that was awaiting them north of the harbour.

Echoing the call, they rose from the water, the laggards still contesting possession of scraps beak to beak as they flew. But they saw Skreejak, that Noble Scratcher, and flew to the grounds over which he had assumed suzerainty, as any part of the sea was theirs, and the produce of it, and the little fish swimming in it, and the refuse that floated out of the harbours with the surface of the ebbing tide—theirs by the right of the ward over it given them in the beginning.

That afternoon, when the tide flowed, Skreejak fought with a dog fish. He had pecked at the gleaming underside of it that showed in the water and found that there was more of the fish than he knew. Sometimes he had the thing out of the water, sometimes it dragged him down, while the shark-like mouth gasped alternately for the water and for flesh.

A ROYAL VICTORY.

But Skreejak had it at the last, and the flock that had feared came to fight for the flesh of the prize.

Making his own meal, he left it in princely fashion to the horde, to wing shorewards exulting.

The gun of a punt-gunner, disappointed in the lack of sport, spoke.

Skreejak fell and he floated on the water, a chief wounded unto death.

The oarsman of the punt started to row in his direction.

"Only a darned old gull. Don't worry about him," said the man with the gun.

The sun went down on the feebly-beating wings, soon they were still, and the hoverers in the upper air, where dusk heralded the dark, dropped waterwards and screeched over their meal.

Fighting harder than all for the king-bird's breast-picking was Kreege, the mate of Skreejak, the gull.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

UNWELCOME STAFF CHANGES.

A QUESTION AS TO THE RIGHTS OF EMPLOYEES.

In most offices where there are more than just a few clerks and other employees there is of necessity a great deal of change going on in the actual positions which each man occupies.

Scarcely a month passes without a re-settlement of the staff. Men are brought from one department into another, in order to bring help to bear where it is most needed.

It is inevitable that such changes must take place, but the way in which they are often carried out leaves much to be desired.

Finding himself forced to bring Mr. A. from his old post and put him into a new one in another department, the employer often sets about it in a tactless and most unnecessarily roundabout way.

In most cases he will tell Mr. A. that he is making the change because he thinks Mr. A. is a good man for the position, and though it carries no increase of salary at the moment, it will "lead to something in time."

Or, it may be that Mr. A. is told that the change is only an experiment; or that it is only temporary, "just to see how things work."

All of which statements may or may not be strictly accurate.

In any case they indicate that the employer recognises that Mr. A. is entitled to some voice in the matter, while at the same time trying to indicate to Mr. A. that he has to consent to the change in any case.

Employees do not care to have pistols thus held at their heads, even though they are covered with a silk handkerchief of flattery.

Such "experiments" or "temporary changes" are often disastrous to a man's prospects.

He may suddenly find himself in a backwater where the main current of promotion is not felt.

An employee should, in fact, have an opportunity of refusing a change when offered; and he should be at liberty to refuse with the certainty that such refusal will not be recorded against him as a black mark.

It cannot be said that this is always the case, and it involves a delicate point as to the right of an employee as such.

R. FEATHERSTONE.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

The better news about the Coal Strike has caused prices in all sections of the Stock Exchange to go much better, and a further rise is almost certain, as markets are generally sold out and prices are very low.

Home Rails are the best and safest speculative purchase at the moment, and, although traffics for this week will be bad, the difference will soon be made up, and business will go merrily ahead again.

Canadian Pacifics have gone better and look a good market, and Trunks ought to be bought.

Mexican Rails are also better, and the political outlook in Mexico has much improved.

The Rubber and Oil share markets are slightly better, and quite ripe for steady improvement in prices.

The outstanding feature on the week has been the continued advance in tin shares, and the warning I gave in this column last week is more necessary than ever, as the prices of some of the shares are much too high.

However, there are still a few cheap shares that might do my readers a turn, such as Gold Coast Explorers at 2s. and New West African Props at 1s.

I hope some of my followers bought Benue shares on my recommendation a fortnight ago, at 1⅜, as the price has since touched 3⅝.

Rhodesian shares are better since the carry-over, especially Chartereds, which are up to 30s., and a purchase of which I advised last week at 25s.

Even Kaffirs are better on the prevailing optimism, but should always be sold when good.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

C. M. (Glasgow).—I do not advise a purchase of [illegible] of the shares you name. You would have a much [illegible] chance with some of the leading Rhodesians.

X. X. (Dawlish).—I do not think the tin "boom" [illegible] come to stay, and you might easily burn your fingers.

"Close" (Dublin).—Nos. 1, 5, and 8 are good holdings; there is no market in 3, and the dealing price in others is very wide, from 3 to 5 points.

S. B. (Towcester).—Far better leave them alone.

"Onyx" (Chester).—Scarcely any market. [illegible] broker might be able to negotiate if you give him a [illegible] and time.

G. F. (Norwich).—Very little chance of improvement. I should advise you to realise at best and put the proceeds into something more lively.

"Sam" (Bristol).—Not much market. I am informed that a small lot recently changed hands at 3⅜, but this was done privately, not on the Stock Exchange.

A. E. H. (Louth).—Nos. 1, 5, and 6 are good to [illegible] is in liquidation, and I should advise you to get rid of [illegible] others.

R. E. (Woolwich).—The shares are "Bearer"; [illegible] quently no transfer deed is required.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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PLAYING TO THE GALLERY

SPORTING EVENTS LOST THROUGH THE VANITY OF PLAYERS.

The other day I was watching an important League match.

"Splendid game Bootem's playing, isn't he?" said a neighbouring spectator, referring to the ——'s right back.

"Splendid!—worst game I ever saw him play," growled another and candid onlooker.

The latter was right. Bootem was doing a lot to catch the uncritical eye. He was kicking brilliantly on the volley, but he was doing so when he had ample time safely to trap the ball.

Then the inevitable happened. Bootem, again trying to take the ball on the volley, half missed it; the ball slithered from his foot right across the field. The opposing inside right, before anyone could quite realise it, had dashed in and through, and the ball was in the net. Bootem's love of playing to the gallery, of undiscerning applause, of making difficult that which should have been easy, had cost his side a goal, and, as things so turned out, the match.

GOALKEEPERS' GALLERY TRICKS.

There are a good many Bootems on the football field—and elsewhere, for that matter.

Goalkeepers seem to be especially prone to gallery tricks. They fist the ball out when they have plenty of time to catch it, or they hold on to the ball to show off their dodging powers when they could easily have thrown it away into safety.

Then we all know the forward who is bent on showing how neatly he can trick an opponent. But the opponent is often a brutal person who doesn't take any notice of the tricky forward's cunning feints, but simply barges into him and takes the ball away.

Backs, in addition to the fault of volleying the ball when they could trap it, are often fond, when they have trapped the ball, of allowing a forward to charge right up to them, relying on a quick turn away to send him harmlessly sailing past whilst they leisurely get in their kick to the cheers of the unthinking part of the crowd.

COMMON TO EVERY SPORT.

But, of course, you get gallery players in all games and in all walks of life. Thousands and thousands of catches have been dropped at cricket through men trying to throw the ball before it was fairly in their hands, or taking one hand when they could easily have got two to it.

I'd like to have even a half per cent. of all the money that has been lost through jockeys easing up, looking round, or trying to win "cleverly," all in order to impress the crowd.

Many a boxer has lost a fight that was practically won through taking liberties and trying to show how easily he could play with his opponent.

I won't mention names, but at least one Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was thrown away through playing to the gallery. As for running and athletics in general, "showing off" has led to defeats innumerable.

A particularly dangerous form of playing to the gallery is trying to be smart at the expense of some inoffensive stranger. I once tried to be funny with a quiet-looking little Rugby, and when I got my senses back I found that I had been checking an ex-champion light-weight of England. If you are fond of pulling people's legs, it is just as well to make sure whose leg you are pulling, or you may get an extremely unpleasant surprise.

BUSINESS BLONDINS.

The business man who plays to the gallery doesn't last long—Carey Street usually receives his remains—but many of them do it. They rush in where experienced men would fear to tread, calling to all around to watch them do the business Blondin act. Then there is a sudden bump. The punishment for showing off is heavy. Apart from your personal injuries and "sickness" with yourself, nobody sympathises with you when you come to grief. They merely think that you are a silly ass who deserves what he has got.

At the same time, it is easy to be too hard on the man who is fond of playing to the gallery. He is not necessarily a bad chap at all. "Showing off" is a very human instinct, which first shows itself in early childhood. A love of applause is natural with most of us, but the man who plays to the gallery makes the mistake of trying to force the applause instead of letting it come to him uninvited.

H. de C. Watt.

OVER THE ROPES.

CURRENT BOXING GOSSIP.

News comes to hand at the moment of writing these notes that boxing is likely to have a pretty serious set-back in Paris, and probably throughout the whole of France. The cause, of course, is the unfortunate fatality at the Elysée, Montmartre, when Rafael Belli was knocked out by Arthur Evernden, his head striking the boards heavily, and died some time afterwards without regaining consciousness.

Already a police edict has gone forth in the Gay City that any boxing contests that degenerate into a "fight" will be declared illegal.

To-day (Monday)—or, rather, to-night—there is to be, at last, a meeting between the Dixie Kid and Young Nipper at the "Ring," Blackfriars Road. As will be remembered, the bout would have taken place earlier, but for a bad visitation of rheumatism that attacked the coloured boxer. He is now, happily, quite fit again.

There was a great flourish of trumpets recently about a match that was to have taken place on July 4, at some venue to be later decided upon, between Jack Johnson and Jim Flynn. Both men signed articles and the affair was "definitely settled"; but the degree of trust that can be put in a "definite settlement" in boxing is shown by the fact that the contest has now been abandoned! The reason is not that either prospective competitor is unwilling; but that the enterprising promoter has not met with as much encouragement as he had hoped for, and fears to lose money.

It is now "definitely settled," by the way, that Bombardier Wells is to sail for America early in May, and that he will meet Al. Palzer, the German-American heavy-weight, on July 4. It should be a good match; and those who declare that Wells is flying too high at first may not unduly be accused of faint-heartedness.

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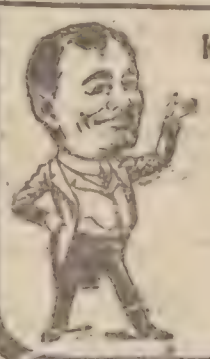

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. S. D. (Camberwell).—Of course pennies of the year 1864 have no special value. It is an old catch.

F. Rider, 100, Hartley Road, Nottingham, asks us to state that he would like to correspond with readers in Australia. We do so with pleasure.

F. H. P. (West Hampstead).—(1) We know nothing about the people you mention. (2) A clever advertisement writer can always make good money. (3) Probably your knowledge of type-setting would be an advantage to you.

G. B. (Shipley).—As stated in recent issue tickets for the Calcutta Club Derby Sweep can be obtained only through a member.

"Dick" (Newry).—(1) Let the lady go first. (2) Remove you hat on entering the auditorium. (3) You should not precede a lady when entering tram or tube. (4) There is no need to speak in addition to saluting.

C. E. W. (Liverpool).—Precede the lady so as to assist her to alight. This and other points have been already dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, but we shall be giving some more etiquette articles shortly.

T. A. H. (North Broomhill).—A Territorial desirous of entering the Regulars will be given a free discharge, subject, of course, to his carrying out his intention.

T. W. (Manningham).—We are under the impression that a steamer of the Lusitania class can be brought to a standstill in half a mile or even less, but don't take us as an authority. Why not write to the Cunard Company, Liverpool, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply?

T. M. (Liverpool).—The idea of insuring against loss or damage of false teeth is novel to us, but no doubt they could be insured in the same manner as jewellery or other valuables. We think, however, that the policy would not cover risks arising out of arguments with a spanner. Try any of the companies that insure against burglary, etc.

R. C. P. (Vancouver).—Thanks for good wishes. Yes, a man in this country may have more than one vote. He may, for instance, have a vote in respect of his office in the City and another for his private residence.

J. B. (West Bradford). — Take your hat off, and say, "How d'ye do, Mrs. or Miss So-and-So." If you know the lady well, you may make some chaffing remark about the pleasure it gives you to meet her. Don't offer to shake hands unless she does so first.

F. B. (Hailsham).—(1) A licence is not required for an air gun, nor is one necessary for a shot gun if used by an occupier of land solely for the purpose of scaring birds or killing vermin on his land. (2) A Territorial does not require a licence for his rifle, provided he does not use it for sporting purposes.

A. P. G. (Gloucester).—See "Animal Management," issued by the Veterinary Department of the War Office, for confirmation of our statements in regard to feeding horses.

M. M. (Dulwich). — Sorry we cannot tell you how to restore your Panama cane to its pristine beauty, and can only advise you to consult an umbrella and stick merchant.

"Engaged" (Sheffield).—You are not obliged to give a clergyman anything for marrying you. It is purely a voluntary offering. The "tip" varies from 5s. to £5. A guinea is a fair average. N.B.—No money returned.

"Naughty Boy" (Brighton).—Be good.

M. C. (Bradford).—The Royal Blackheath Golf Club is the oldest golf club in the world, and was established in 1608. "Runners-up," "The Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society" (1735).

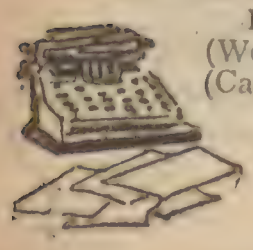
H. B. (Lewes).—You can get hunting stocks ready-made, but they are never really satisfactory unless they are made to your measurements; any good shirt and collar maker will do this. For wet days a well-cut white cashmere stock with a whalebone support each side to keep it trim and taut makes a very comfortable and tidy neckwear.

"Gee Gee" (Hendon).—Whoa!

J. S. P. (Selsey).—Have it riveted, or if you don't want to go to the expense, and are neat-fingered, you can mend your tobacco-jar yourself with glue. When the join is firmly set, cover it on the inside with a strip of linen covered with the cement. It gives strength.

J. D. (Preston).—You can buy a reel of ready-gummed linen at any music-shop for mending the backs of old songs.

H. T. (Birmingham), **R. G. D.** (Belfast), **C. A.** (Wolverhampton), **F. H. H.** (Perth), **T. H. B.** (Cardiff), **G. H.** (Yeovil).—We thank you.



WEEDON'S WEED.

A TALE OF SMOKE.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who has to deplore the [illegible] his brother, Mr. George Grossmith, tells an amusing story [illegible] his days at a private school at Highgate.

The boys used to be taken out walking by an assistant-master, who was not only a great smoker himself, but actually used to allow his youthful charges when they were away from the main road to smoke cigarettes—awful things they were, says Mr. Grossmith, made of tobacco sweepings, with glass mouthpieces which grew fearfully hot.

One afternoon the headmaster, Doctor B., was [illegible] on two ladies in the neighbourhood. When [illegible] about the school, they expressed surprise at his allowing the boys to smoke.

The astounded pedagogue demanded explanations, and was told that they had often seen the boys smoking at a certain spot, and as the assistant-master was with them they presumed the Doctor approved of it.

The boys were out for their usual walk at this [illegible] time, and the Doctor left hurriedly.

A few minutes later young Grossmith was walking up and down a quiet road giving on to a field in which [illegible] the remainder of the party, and smoking a cigarette, when a tall stranger came round the corner.

He had his hat pulled down, his coat collar turned up, and, as he approached, young Grossmith cheekily blew a cloud of smoke in his face. Then the stranger turned his hat up, his collar down, and stood revealed—the Doctor.

A little later the boys were assembled in school. Their pockets and lockers had been searched for incriminating evidence, which in most cases had been found.

The Doctor delivered a masterly oration on the subject of honour, boys and smoking, and then pronounced sentence—every boy convicted of smoking was to be expelled.

As Mr. Grossmith says in telling the story, he could afford to laugh in after life at the idea of a man thus throwing away his living with both hands, but it was no laughing matter then.

It was especially awful for young Grossmith, for his father loathed tobacco in any shape or form, and would not allow even his dearest friends to smoke in his house. The future comedian saw nothing for it but running away to sea—he could not return home expelled for smoking.

But, of course, the Doctor was no fool. At the psychological moment when the class-room was full of groans and sobs his charming wife appeared, and throwing herself on her knees, pleaded for the culprits.

For long the Doctor was adamant, but at last he melted, and changed the sentence to one that every boy must give his word of honour not to smoke again until he was twenty-one.

Mr. Grossmith, for one, kept his word.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch many people of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. You should write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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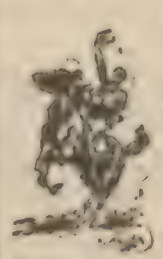

The League Badge Actual Size.

USEFUL TIPS FOR THE WHEELMAN.

The pleasure to be derived from a day's cycling depends considerably upon the adequacy of the arrangements made for it.

First of all, you should settle the nature of your day's outing. Is it to be a hard day's run, in which fifty or even a hundred miles are to be covered, or is it to be the equivalent of a more or less aimless ramble on foot, in which your bicycle is merely to be used as a pleasant way of getting about from spot to spot?

Decide in advance one way or another. If you make up your mind to get to a certain place before dark, map out roughly the stages of your journey, and see that you keep up to time at each, for otherwise you will have a hard and fatiguing run at the end of the day.

Similarly, if your object is to have a day's pottering about, make it an aimless one from the beginning, do not fix the village at which you are to lunch, and do not even decide upon a definite route.

There is pleasure in both styles of riding, but they should be kept distinct.

OVERHAULING YOUR MOUNT.

Another important factor in the day's enjoyment is to see that your machine is in thorough order, and this applies especially to a hard, long-distance journey. A machine that has a slightly defective tyre may be all right for short-distance work, but it is extremely disconcerting to have to pull up for the purpose of inflating a defective tube just when you have got into your stride on a long trip.

The clothes to be worn for a day's cycling depend upon which of the two kinds of cycling you are to enjoy.

If you are only pottering about on your machine, you can wear any sort of clothes that the weather and your fancy may dictate, but if you are testing your endurance by a long journey, it is hard to beat the conventional, though somewhat unsightly, costume usually adopted by members of cycling clubs—namely, knickers, a jacket, shoes, and a sweater.

PREVENTING A CHILL.

The most important thing is that the clothes next to your skin should be of wool, for when these are wet with perspiration there is less danger of a chill resulting than if they were cotton.

As to food, all authorities are agreed that the heaviest meal on a day's cycling run should come in the evening. The breakfast should be sustaining and substantial, but not much ought to be eaten at midday.

The question of drink is a less important one at the present season of the year than it will be later on, when the roads are dry and the cyclist's throat parched. Alcohol in any shape or form should be avoided till the end of the day's work. Ginger-beer is a fairly good drink to ride upon, but milk-and-soda is probably better. In any case, one should avoid that abomination beloved of certain wheelmen, the meat tea. The action of tea upon meat is to make it indigestible, and if the stomach is upset, the run in the evening cannot be a pleasant one.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

Part of the pleasure to be derived from a day in the cycle saddle is the feeling of independence that the wheelman possesses. He should foster this by providing himself with a lamp, even though he does not intend to ride after dark, for if a puncture or other circumstance makes it necessary for him to do so, he is provided for the occasion and does not have to sprint at breakneck speed for the last few miles.

He should also provide himself with a sufficiency of money. Independent as he is of trains when everything is going well with him, an unfortunate accident may make it necessary for him to return by rail. Apart from an accident to his machine, he may strain a leg, which makes further riding a hardship, and it is pleasant to know that he can pay for the necessary ticket without being obliged to some stranger for a loan.

The experienced cyclist does not, of course, anticipate accidents or difficulties, but if he is wise he provides for them.

CHOOSING A CHUM.

The choice of a companion for a day's cycle run depends upon your own speed and inclinations. A man who is in the thick of business during his working days may be glad to be alone when he is on a cycle spin, but another may be equally anxious to have someone to chat with.

It is important that, whatever else your companion may be, he should possess an equable temper, for even in the best planned cycle spins there are some trifles which might ruffle the irritable.

He should also be similarly disposed to yourself in the matter of speed ideals, and should not be of the kind which takes pride in keeping a hundred yards in front of you.

Given decent weather, pleasant company, and a good machine, and there is nothing to beat a day's cycling for making a man fit for the work of the coming week.

CHARLES BEST.

5/ A Month.

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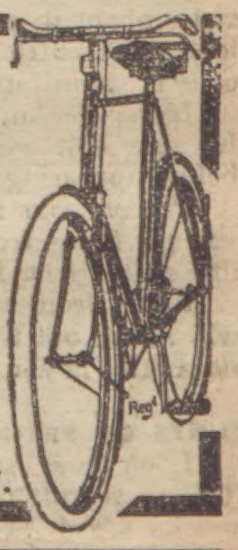

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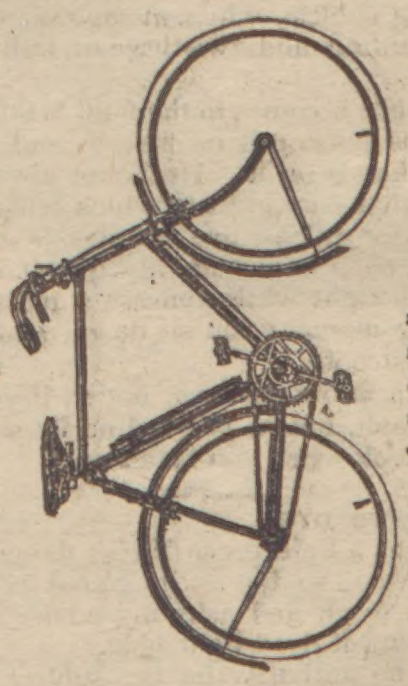

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

NEW CLOTHES.

There is none of us, surely, but feels a trifle self-conscious in a new suit of clothes. Some men, indeed, look perfectly ashamed of themselves, and slink along in their new raiment as if the police were after them.

I don't know that there is any cure for this uncomfortable feeling that everybody is looking at you, except to try to realise the somewhat unpleasant truth that probably not one person in a hundred notices your new suit, or, noticing it, thinks twice about it, unless you have come out in something very loud or eccentric, in which case you deserve all the open or covert "admiration" you may get.

Many a man, however, would feel less of a "target" in his new suit were he to wear it indoors for a few hours before appearing in public in it.

Put on your new suit, for instance, in the evening after you get home from business, and next day it will be almost like an old friend.

Apart from this, a "preliminary canter" of this kind will shake out those wrinkles which are almost inevitable, no matter how carefully the suit may have been packed.

HINTS ON TRYING ON.

Look your suit over thoroughly before putting it on. Tailors are often careless, and leave loose threads or other marks which proclaim a new suit and direct to you that attention which you are anxious to avoid.

The putting on of a new suit is an important moment. It is like a new play—you never can tell what it will look like on the "first night."

You may have been entirely satisfied with it at the "dress rehearsal" at your tailor's, but now that it is "produced" in the privacy of your apartment you begin to have doubts.

You can scarcely believe that you ever liked such a pattern or thought that it would suit you. The collar that seemed to be just right now strikes you as too high or too low.

These suspicions are not always unfounded. It is extraordinary how different a pattern may look when seen outside the tailor's fitting cubicle, while, of course, some tailors are very clever at pulling and twisting an ill-fitting suit until it looks all right.

Personally, when it comes to the final fitting of a new suit, I always insist on putting it on myself, and forbid the man of shears to lay hands on it. He is not always going to be at hand to give that cunning tug which will keep the collar from rucking up for at least five minutes.

When trying on a new suit always sit down in it. A coat may look all right while you are standing, but become a monstrosity the moment you sit down, and similarly with trousers and waistcoats.

Sit down for a minute or two, not as if you were posing for your photograph, but as you ordinarily sit, and then see how the clothes look when you stand up.

TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.

"C. T. S." has a light green Welsh flannel suit of which he is tired—at least, so far as its colour is concerned; he wants to have it dyed, and asks my advice on the subject. He suggests having it dyed light blue.

I fear I am no authority on the subject of dyes, but I doubt whether the results would be satisfactory. His best plan would be to write to Messrs. Pullar, Perth, asking their opinion. They might require to see the suit before giving one, but he would be quite safe in their hands.

I hope "C. T. S." will not take it amiss if I use his courteous note to enforce the moral I have often preached—that is, the danger of distinctive coloured clothes unless you can afford a large wardrobe.

CARE OF UNIFORM.

Another correspondent—a Territorial officer this time—asks for some hints on the care and preservation of his uniform, and here I am on more familiar ground.

Good preventives of moth are Russia leather parings, naphthaline, carbolised paper, powdered camphor, or turpentine sprinkled on *brown* paper. They should be placed among articles of uniform which are being packed away for any length of time.

The articles should be well aired and brushed before being packed. Gold lace, buttons, braid, &c., should be covered with tissue paper, care being taken that the paper is thoroughly dry.

Gold lace and trimmings that have become tarnished may be restored to their original lustre by the application of cream of tartar and dry bread rubbed up very fine. This

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should be applied dry, and they should then be lightly brushed with a clean, soft brush.

In regard to stains on scarlet tunics, many can be removed by rubbing them with dry pipeclay, afterwards brushing thoroughly with a clean brush. Should this fail, the following mixture will probably be effective:

½oz. of salts of sorrel to ½ a pint of boiling water.
½oz. of cream of tartar to ½ a pint of cold water.

Each solution should be kept in a separate flat vessel. The garment to be cleaned should first be well beaten and brushed and then the solutions applied alternately with a clean, hard brush, commencing with the salts of sorrel, until the stains have disappeared.

Weather permitting, the garment should then be hung up in the sun. Otherwise it should be put in a dry place indoors, but *not* near a fire or stove.

The quantities mentioned will suffice to clean two or three garments.

MORE ABOUT HARMONY.

In a recent article I dealt with the question of dressing in harmony with your hair and general colouring, and now return to the subject.

In addition to his hair, a man should dress according to his general physique.

Here we are not always our own masters, for in evening dress there is practically no latitude.

Many men, however, spoil their appearance by wearing clothes—or, rather, a style of garment—quite unsuited to their physique.

An obvious example is the short, fat man who favours a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, thereby accentuating his want of inches and his podginess. You can scarcely visit a golf links without being distressed by the sight of little fat men thus unsuitably attired.

There is not the least necessity for wearing such clothes for golf, and men of this type would look ever so much better in flannels or tweeds.

Of course, if a man is going riding he can scarcely avoid breeches, but as a general rule short, stout men should steer clear of Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers.

CHECKS.

Little men, again, often have a fatal predilection for checks, frequently of "loud" pattern. It takes a big man to carry off checks. The multum in parvo man should stick to clothes of almost invisible pattern, though quiet stripes will help him to look taller than he really is. On the whole, dark greys and blues are the safest wear for the man who lacks inches, and he should avoid double-breasted jackets and waistcoats.

Reefers, on the other hand, are becoming to tall thin men, and to most men of fair height.

The thin man wants to look stouter than he is, and should go in for loose suits of well-marked pattern.

Such, however, is the frailty of human nature that thin men often wear skin-tight trousers and closely-shaped single-breasted coats, and then they wonder why street boys ejaculate "lamp-post" as they pass by.

NECKS AND FACES.

Again, there appears to be some evil genius which prompts men with long thin necks to wear low, turned-down collars, whereas the 2¾ all-round stand-up collar is the mark for them.

With equal perversity the man with a short, fat neck crams it into a tall, tight stand-up collar, when he would look twice as well in a double collar of moderate height.

Men with large faces should wear large hats, but the small thin-featured man cannot be too careful to avoid looking like a mushroom.

Everybody has his physical peculiarities, and your object should be to make the most of your good points and the best of your bad ones.

Obvious? Maybe, but, my dear sir, the next time you take your walks abroad keep your eyes open and let me know how many men you see inharmoniously dressed—short, fat men in Norfolk suits, champagne-bottle shouldered men with unpadded shoulders, tall, lanky men in tight-fitting, closely-buttoned coats, thin-necked men exposing a foot or so of scragginess, big-headed men wearing hats two sizes too small for them, small-headed men lost to sight, though, perhaps, to memory dear, under wide-brimmed headgear.

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